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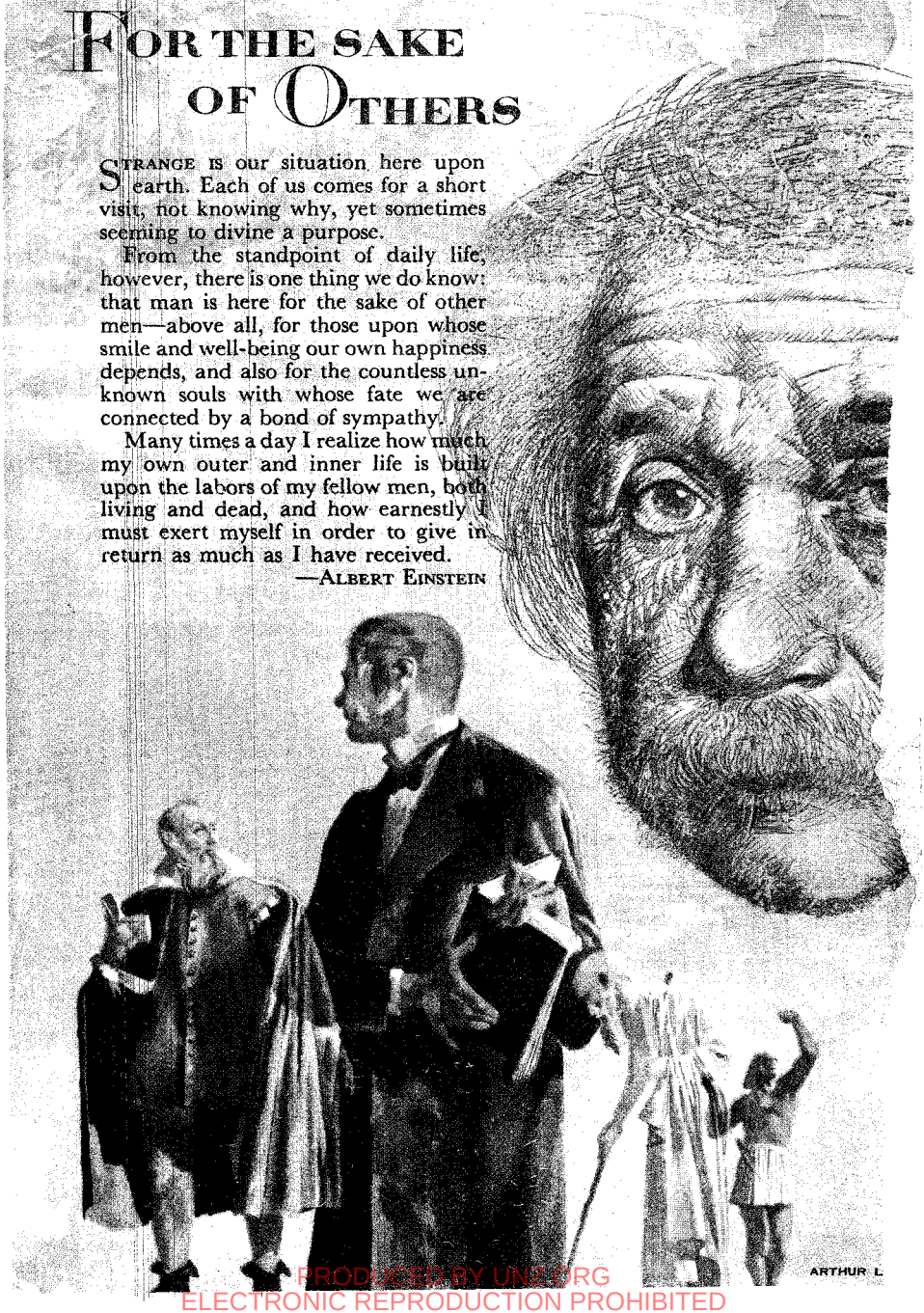
FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS

STRANGE IS our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.

From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men—above all, for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy.

Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received.

—ALBERT EINSTEIN



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Carry your coat or hang it in a closet, but never put it on the patient's bed

HELP THAT PATIENT!

EVERY DOCTOR is aware of the therapeutic value of sickroom visitors. For that reason, hospitals encourage visits to all but their most critical cases. A word of cheer, news of mutual friends, a few moments of quiet conversation—all these can often do more for a convalescing patient than a mountain of pills or other medication.

On the other hand, thoughtlessness by visitors—boisterous conduct, interminable gossip—may be seriously aggravating to someone whose mental and physical resources are at low ebb. A tactless word—the kind forgotten with a shrug in the course of everyday experience—has an infinitely more intensified effect at such times.

For that reason, it is important for us to remember that visiting a sick friend in the hospital or at home is considerably different from paying a casual social call. Discuss only those things you know he wants to hear. Leave within a reasonable period of time. And never forget that your visit rarely has a neutral effect on the patient: it will either make him glad you came and, in some small way, speed his recovery; or it will make him sorry you ever visited his room, and have just the opposite effect.

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Don't call a conference of gloom about the patient's condition outside his door. He may be ill, but he's not deaf.

Don't bring food to the sickroom unless the doctor has asked you to. You may easily ruin a carefully worked-out diet.

Don't try to corner the doctor or nurse for an "inside" report on your friend's progress. Instead, trust their discretion.

Don't sit on the bed. Even a little movement is felt by the patient, and may well increase her pain or discomfort.

Don't weep and wail over the patient's condition. It won't make you feel better and it may make him feel worse.

Don't make a social event out of a hospital visit. Remember that you came to see the patient, not his friends.

Posed by Virginia Dwyer, Barbara Becker, Douglass Parkhirst, William Lipton, Lyle Sudrow of the cast of "The Road of Life," NBC. Pictures taken at New York University, Bellevue Medical Center.

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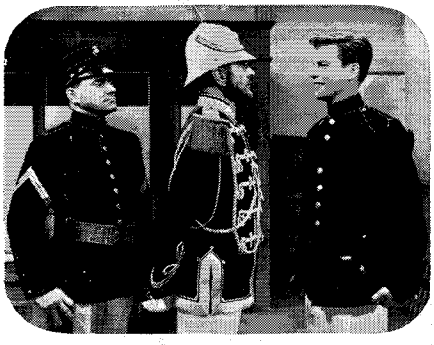
THE MONTH'S BEST...

HAL B. WALLIS

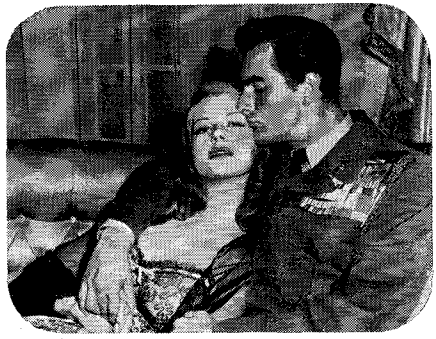
Hal B. Wallis, independent Paramount producer whose movies have won 27 Academy Awards and who himself is a double winner of the Irving Thalberg Award, explains his success this way: "My career is a testimonial to the basic generosity of the human race." This astoundingly modest attitude, rare to the needle-in-a-haystack point in Hollywood, nevertheless truly characterizes Wallis and his view of picture-making. No spontaneous adventure, movies became his life work only after study and intensive preparation. Beginning 25 years ago and including such trail blazers as *Little Caesar*, *Casablanca* and, most recently, *Come Back, Little Sheba*, Wallis' productions have been typified by this unique approach. As the best of this month, Coronet's guest reviewer chooses:

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER



In 20th Century-Fox's re-creation of the life of John Philip Sousa, the stirring music of the March King—*Washington Post March*, *Semper Fidelis*—vies with the warm, human story of Sousa, the man. Starring Clifton Webb, *Stars and Stripes Forever* is a Technicolor pageant of turn-of-the-century America.

EIGHT IRON MEN



Though the screen adaptation of the Broadway play, *A Sound of Hunting*, features not a single "big-name" star, the over-all effect produced by the grim, grimy infantrymen in this Columbia picture is taut realism, a sense of imminent danger and constant excitement. This is the story of war—any war.

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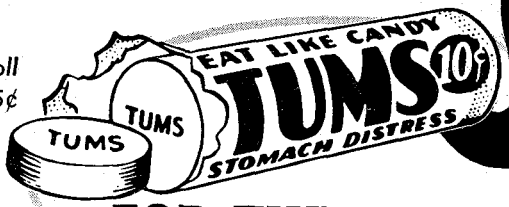

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

FOR THE TUMMY

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Virtuoso in a T-shirt

ONE NICE THING that has happened to music in the last ten years is that people have stopped being afraid of it. There was a time when the words "classical music" could fill many of us with vague feelings of guilt and anxiety, similar to the fear of picking up the wrong fork at a dressy dinner. Music had somehow got to be associated with white ties and announcers with broad "a's" and the idea had got around that it was shallow just to *enjoy* music —you had to "appreciate" it. We were reminded recently of how much things have changed for the better when, arriving home one night, we found our ten-year-old boy listening without apparent discomfort or outside pressure to something by Stravinsky. "What do you think of it?" we asked. "It's slick," said he—a musical term as valid, to our mind, as *andante non troppo*.

A perfect symbol of the change in musical attitudes from white tie to T-shirt is the young American violinist Isaac Stern, who appears in the current movie "Tonight We Sing." Although recognized as one

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of the world's master fiddlers, Stern has steadily refused to go along with the traditional picture of a great violinist as a sombre, unworldly fellow who spent his childhood chained to a music stand in a European prodigy factory. He is lively and outgoing rather than sombre. Far from being unworldly, he is ready at all times to out-talk any three men on such worldly concerns as politics, baseball, literature, tape recorders, photography, or the best places to eat cheese blintzes. Of the budding of his musical genius he gives a characteristically dry account. "I never cried for a violin. I never picked up a fiddle and played from memory every note I'd heard at a concert." The truth seems to be that Isaac's primary interest in childhood was in playing stickball in the streets of San Francisco, and that he had to be dragged home bodily to practice.

STERN is the only major violinist who received his training entirely in America. In spite of this, or maybe because of it, he has always been in great demand by European concert-goers, who first heard him on Columbia records. He plays a staggering schedule of 94 concerts a year, many of them before glittering audiences containing the usual number of crowned heads. Nevertheless, he finds the time and inclination to get mixed up in some fairly unorthodox musical adventures. In 1947 he went to Hollywood to dub in the violin playing for the late John Garfield in the movie "Humoresque," which co-starred Joan Crawford. His comment upon returning showed that Hollywood hadn't upset his balance. "Sensible people," he said. "They cut out my unphotogenic puss." He also enjoys such occasional larks as appearing on the Jack Benny show, where he happily played a duet with Mr. Benny, one of the world's lesser violinists.

At recording sessions for Columbia, Stern is likely to confound the staff by asking for a working explanation of every piece of equipment. He will then go on to win their admiration by his willingness to play eight, nine or ten hours at a stretch without any sign of temperament or fatigue. "He actually gets better by the hour," says Columbia's recording director. "By midnight he's really hopping."

Some choice examples of Stern really hopping were recently captured by Columbia Records, using improved recording techniques which reproduce Stern's characteristic "big tone" in all its impressiveness. We list them here and suggest that you listen. Don't bother to dress. Mr. Stern wore a T-shirt.

These Are My Latest
By Isaac Stern

Sibelius: Concerto in D Minor,
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.
Conducting The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Brahms: Concerto in D Major,
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.
Conducting The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Franck: Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano. With Alexander Zakin, pianist

Isaac Stern records exclusively for *Columbia Records*—originator of "Lp," the modern long playing record

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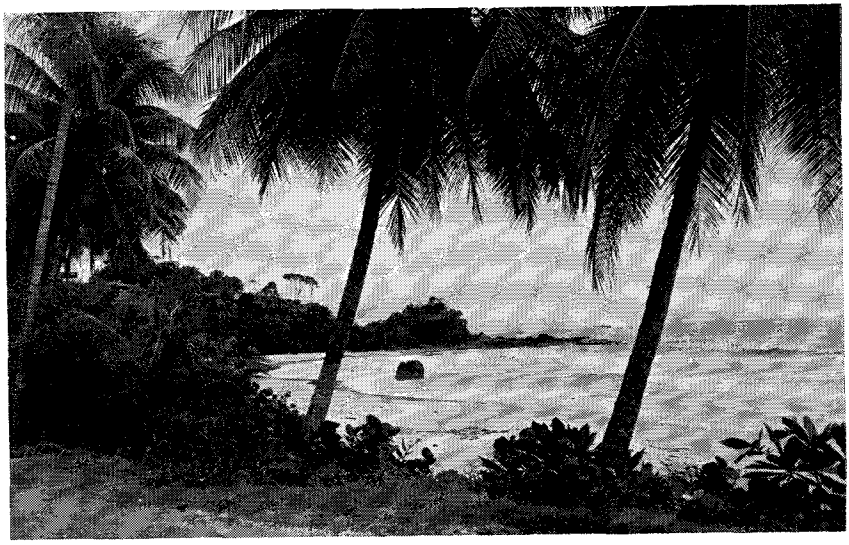
TRAVEL

Isles of Dreams



TRINIDAD: Flooded with brilliant color and bathed in perpetual sunshine, the Carnival Isle offers a perfect blend of rest and romance. Dance to swirling Calypso rhythms, loll on magnificent beaches and dream your cares away.

MAJORCA: An air of festival reigns—balmy climes and an isle that seems lost in a gracious Old World atmosphere.

CAPRI: Luxury at bargain prices, hotels high on cliffs, a haunting underground waterway—these are the lures of Capri.

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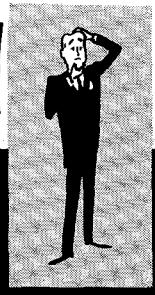
Would You Change Jobs If...



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COMMUNITY LIVING

Doing for Neighbors

DO YOU WANT to contribute more to your community? Of course you do! Everyone does—but often people don't know how to go about it. If you want to do the most for your local civic organizations, keep these hints in mind:

1. Belong to those groups which really interest you, and avoid being a "joiner." If you spread yourself too thin, you won't have time to accomplish anything. Mrs. Jones, whose name is on the membership list of almost every club in town, misses half the meetings. And she never serves on committees, where the real work of any organization is accomplished.

2. Take stock of yourself. What are your abilities? The important thing is to give what *you* have to give. Do you like talking to people? Maybe the local Rotarians, who regularly visit a nearby veterans' hospital, would like to have you join. Your outgoing personality would probably help some sick GI to take a new interest in life. If all the youngsters in the neighborhood are always at your house, and you like organizing a baseball game or treasure hunt, think of getting into the Scout movement.

3. Encourage the rest of the family to join in diversified activities. Maybe everyone already belongs to the lodge. But there's a lot to be gained, too, when Mother can also discuss at home what the hospital aid society is doing, and Junior can find a sympathetic ear for the activities of the Teen Club. The whole family will get a rounded picture of what's happening in your community—what they can contribute—by working for a worth-while cause.

If the program of a local group seems stodgy and dull, do some thinking. You may be able to make an original contribution.

For instance, if PTA meetings are little more than times to admire cupcakes or the paintings of the kindergartners, look around and see what the schools need. One woman found that children who came and went on the bus had about half an hour to wait after classes before being picked up. They became a problem for monitors and teachers.

This woman brought the problem up before the parents' organization, and spearheaded a committee which provided books for the children to look at and read during this time. The books came from home libraries, giving all children a chance to get acquainted with reading matter favored by families of differing backgrounds.

A lodge, too, needn't be caught doing the same things year after year. If the Valentine Party for teen-agers has become a tradition, and if everyone enjoys it, there's no sense in trying to change. But there are other things which can be planned and scheduled on a year-round basis.

Jim White always puttered around in his home woodworking shop, as did many of his lodge brothers. Jim decided he might as well take some of the toys his children had outgrown and give them a fresh coat of paint. Then he would send them to a children's hospital in his state.

He told some of the others about this, and now, every month, one meeting is devoted to bringing in old toys, distributing them to men who do the carpentry, and packing the refinished playthings for distribution.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS daytime radio drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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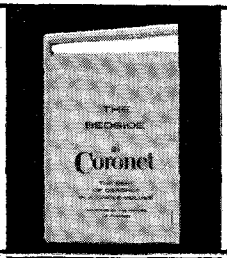

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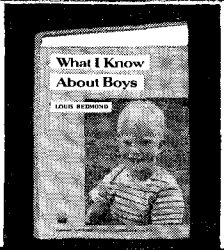

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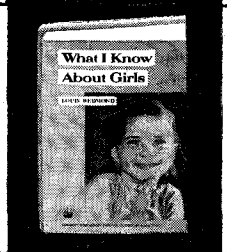

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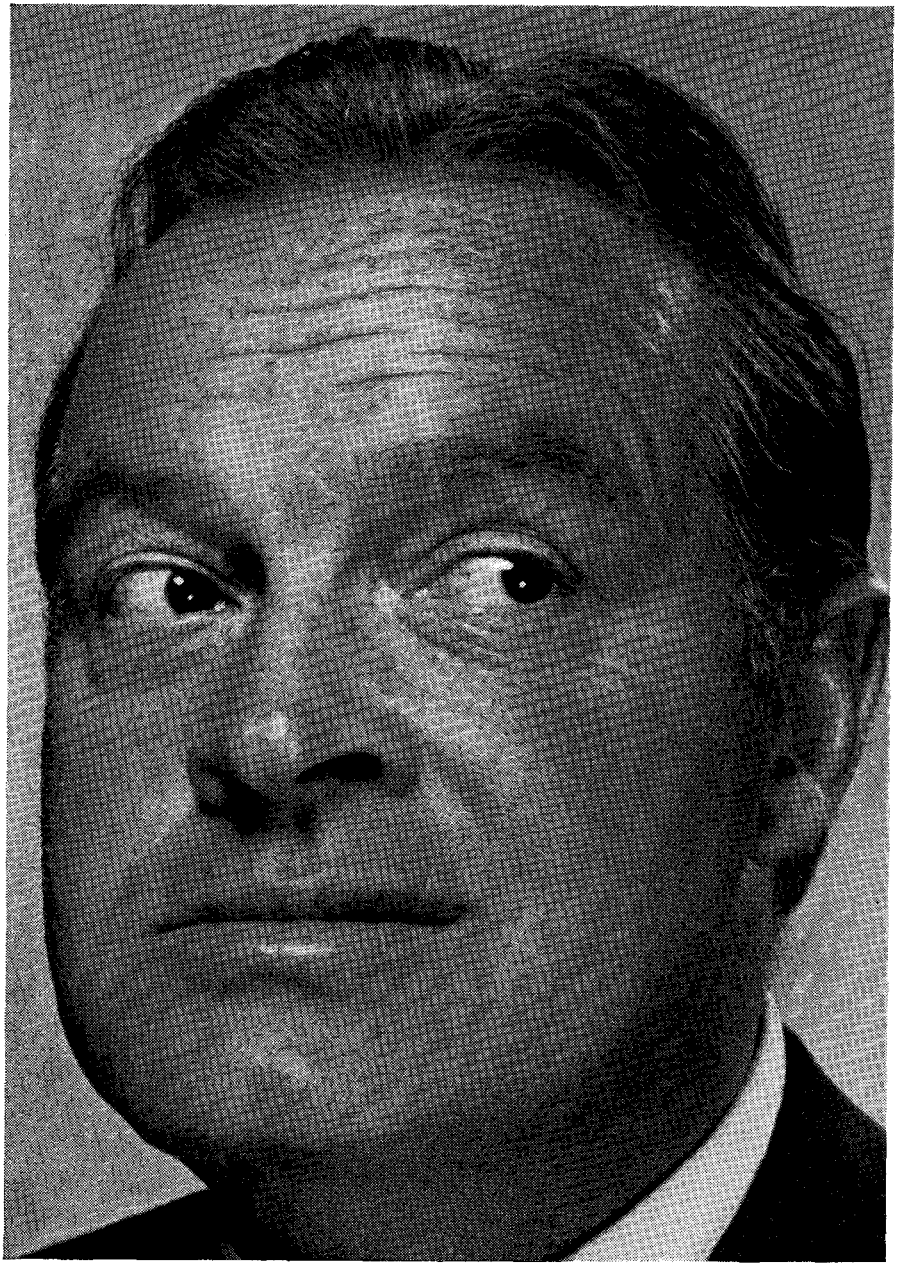

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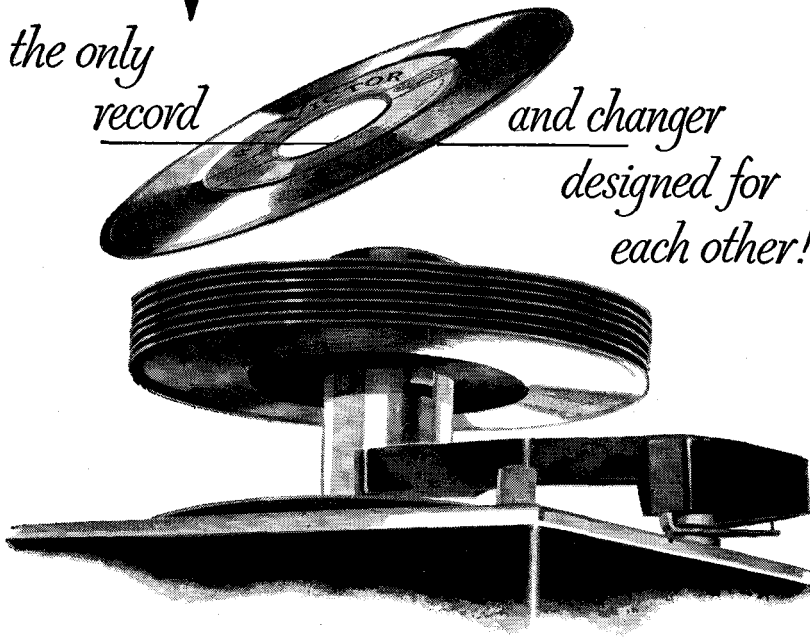

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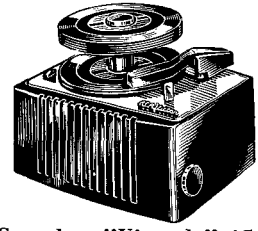

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Coronet Vol. 33, No. 3. January, 1953
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

There Is a Right—and a Wrong!

by JOEL EDWARDS

AT A RECENT cocktail party I listened to a cynical acquaintance of mine expound his views.

"I don't make any bones about it," he said. "I'm out to get mine while the getting's good. Nobody follows the rules any more. Nobody makes out an honest tax return. If you know the right people, you can get away with anything. So why should I be a sucker?"

I knew he was wrong—but at the moment I hardly knew how to answer him. For often, in the debate over how we shall live our lives, it is easier to argue on the wrong side than on the right.

It is so terribly easy to say what my acquaintance was saying. We read every day of corruption in high places, of "five-percenters" and crooked tax collectors. Crime investigations repeatedly introduce us to gamblers and racketeers who have bribed their way out of ever having to serve a day in jail. So in a way, I can hardly censure my acquaintance. In times like these, when easy money and easy morals seem to be the order of the day, it does often appear that "everybody's doing it." And thus, honest men are bound to wonder whether the old rules of life have become obsolete.

Perhaps only a "sucker" puts in an honest day of toil? Perhaps only a "sucker" pays honest taxes and gives honest respect to the marriage vows he made?

But the answer is clearly no. There *is* a right in this universe of ours—and there is also a wrong. Our forebears, who taught us the basic standards of honesty and decency, were not so old-fashioned as many cynical pseudo-sophisticated moderns profess to believe.

As history proves, mankind is destined for better things than the slave labor that built the Pyramids, or

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the corruption that was Rome. Despite our setbacks, we somehow keep moving onward and upward. And the upward surge is all in the direction of greater trust and honesty and good will among men.

We have been through periods before when virtue seemed to have vanished from the earth. In this country, many of us can remember the wild days of the 1920's—when "Flaming Youth" was having its fling and racketeers like Al Capone thumbed their noses at the law.

Where are the "flaming youths" today? In accordance with a destiny as ancient as history, they soon tired of their artificial gaiety and settled down to become the responsible citizens and the mothers and fathers of the 1930's.

And where is Al Capone? In accordance with the ancient rule that the mills of justice grind fine, even though they sometimes grind slowly, he wound up in prison—and on the horrible deathbed of the paretic.

Yes, once the tentacles of Capone's underworld empire reached everywhere, extracting their tribute from intimidated citizens. The law feared him and policemen did his bidding. But now he is gone, and in the history books, he will be only a contemptible footnote.

Nobody will remember him, except as a name to be scorned. But nobody will ever forget the brave and honest young Lindbergh, who quietly flew the Atlantic while Capone was doing his evil.

In short, the 1920's will be remembered not as Capone's decade but as the years in which our inventors and businessmen and engineers spanned the oceans, devised our air lines, created the first talking movies, turned our mud roads into concrete highways, built our skyscrapers, and made radio a household word. Such is man's true destiny—upward toward the stars.

History has never been kind to men of the Al Capone stripe—whether they function on the domestic or international level. For a while, under Hitler and Mussolini, it almost seemed natural that men should torture their political opponents, should persecute religious minorities, and war on their weaker neighbors. Today, the survivors of those regimes in Germany and Italy look back with horror on what they almost came to accept because "everybody was doing it."

It has always been this way, since the early days of civilization. Nero, the Roman emperor who tortured the Christians, survives in the history books only as a symbol of all that is loathsome in human nature. But Christ and the Apostles, though persecuted for their faith, will live on to mold human affairs forever.

And who are the heroes of American history? Not the traitors, not the thieves, not the corrupt political bosses or the men who grew rich off sweatshops. The people whose influence lasts have been of a very different breed.

George Washington, who suffered through Valley Forge to create his nation. Honest Abe Lincoln, who died for it. The Henry Fords and Thomas Edisons, and the doctors and nurses and educators. And all the great multitudes of good citizens who worked to bring men closer together in common bonds of understanding and faith.

The tragedy is that mankind goes through so many periods, such as

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the one in which we Americans are now living, when "everybody's doing it." Such periods often follow the upheaval of war, and all too many basically decent people are caught up in the widening atmosphere of corruption.

I think the man I heard at the party is basically a decent man—and I feel sorry for him because I know his views must lead eventually to tragedy. Being a man, and having a soul, he will never really be able to persuade himself that his cynicism is justified.

The person who trims the corners—in business deals, in marriage or in his tax returns—is not really smart at all, no matter how he may brag of not being a "sucker." He is out of tune with man's destiny, and deep inside he knows it.

He may fool his friends and at times he may even seem to fool himself, but he can never fool his conscience. He will live without knowing true happiness, and he will die without the respect of his fellows.

Of course, the honest man may have his struggles. Sometimes, in a period when "everybody's doing it," he may have moments of temptation. But he can always live with himself—and with history.

Even though his manner be quiet, even though his contribution be small and his name unknown, he is the man who knows and shapes our destiny—the real hero of tomorrow's history books.

On the Crime Front

A BURGLAR ENTERED a building and saw a notice on the safe: "Don't waste dynamite, the safe is open. Just turn the knob."

He did so. The place was flooded with light; a bell clanged loudly.

As he was being taken off to prison he said: "My confidence in human nature has been rudely shaken." —*Irish Digest*

TO HIS SURPRISE, the jailer at a Nebraska prison once received a letter addressed to an inmate who wasn't registered at his institution. While searching his memory for the inmate's name, on the chance that the addressee had been in the jail at some previous time, the jailer happened to turn the envelope over.

A note, scribbled in pencil on the back of the envelope, helped to make the situation clear. It read: "If not in jail yet, please hold until he arrives."

—JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

A WOMAN WHO HAD recently taken up piano lessons had her practicing interrupted by a pounding at the door. She gave a start when she opened it and found a policeman standing impatiently on the threshold.

"What's the matter?" she asked breathlessly.

"We just got a phone call," said the officer, "that a fellow named Chopin was being murdered in this house." —*Future*

AN ESCAPED LUNATIC recently was recaptured while he was giving a lady his seat in the subway.

—*The Gas Flame* (Indianapolis)

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Should Doctors Tell the TRUTH?

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M. D.

OFTEN YOU HEAR frightened, angry or bereaved people cry out in anguish: "Everything would have been different, if I had only known the facts! Doctors don't ever tell you the truth!"

What *is* the truth, medically speaking? What should a doctor tell his patient? Does the patient want to hear the facts? And above all, what is the all-important truth that so many people feel the doctors withhold from patients?

It may shock you to learn what actually happens when a patient hears the truth. But you owe it to yourself to take an unprejudiced look at the problem. Perhaps knowing the facts will help you get the most out of medical advice the next time you need it.

The idea that the doctor should always tell the patient and his family the medical truth is similar to the suggestion that everyone be given penicillin, or have his appendix removed. Tell one person the truth, and he blows his brains out. Another gets angry, and blames the doctor for all his troubles. Another will be plunged into a serious mental disorder. Another will desperately seek relief through a dangerous illegal operation.

Some may deny the existence of the medical truth. Some will avoid lifesaving surgery. And some will bravely face the facts, and do what is necessary in their fight to regain their health.

With all his human limitations, a doctor has to figure out in advance what he should tell his patient. This is just as important in the management of a patient as the skillful use of medicines or surgery.

Consider, for example, the case of a man I shall call John Jordan. John was a big, jolly man in his middle forties, who had been enormously successful as president of a foundry works. He consulted me because "every man my age should have at least one physical examination a year. I know I'm in excellent health; in fact, I never felt better in my life."

John looked well, too. He had that healthy sun-tan that comes from wintering in Florida. When I took his medical history, it was quite true that he had no symptoms, no complaints, no troubles. But in examining him, I located in the pit

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of the stomach, a small rubbery place that was tender beneath my examining hands.

I told John I had found an abnormality and insisted that he have x-rays at once. I recommended that he submit to a gastroscopy, which would permit a stomach specialist to take a direct look at the lining of the stomach. I also explained that I considered every abnormality of this sort to be potentially serious, since it might indicate cancer.

John listened with that pleasant "I-hear-you" smile on his face. After I finished, he said quite frankly that for a moment I had scared him.

"But my common sense tells me I'm well," he went on. "There's really nothing wrong with me. I guess if I pressed that hard in the pit of your stomach, you'd have a pain, too!" Thereupon he left my office, saying he had no intention of having further studies done.

Because of the potential seriousness of his condition, I reviewed the facts with his wife. She laughed. "Doctor, you've never seen a man like Johnnie. He plays tennis with our youngsters, and keeps them hopping. It's all right to be careful, but I think you're an alarmist."

One year rolled by, two years, and Jordan became increasingly less well. He had more and more indigestion, and finally was hospitalized. Exploratory surgery was done which showed that he had a stomach tumor all along, that it had grown enormously, and had spread to other abdominal organs. It was too late to save his life.

Jordan and his wife knew why studies were urgently needed at the time I first examined him. Why did they wait two years, until he was seriously ill, before doing anything about my recommendations? Because, like many people, the Jordans felt they were in a position to pass judgment on medical matters, though they had little understanding of the body or how it functions.

Because Jordan was clever in his business, he thought he could manage the business of staying healthy himself. He reserved the right to follow his own judgment and to disallow the possibility that I had a much better idea of what was the right thing to do. Jordan lost his only chance to survive because he could not accept my version of the truth, but preferred his own.

Consider another case. A kindly old man of 70 developed a small lump in his armpit. I told him that it must be removed, and made arrangements to admit him to a hospital. He submitted to surgery, but told me that if the specimen showed cancer on pathological examination, he would commit suicide.

The report *did* show cancer. However, I told him he had a lump. He was well-satisfied with this, since "lump" was not equated in his mind with cancer.

Ten years have gone by, and this fine old gentleman is still alive. He loves to go to church on Sunday, he enjoys his television programs and his grandchildren. And medically I can find no further trace of cancer, since the operation effectively halted the disease.

Would you have deliberately wrecked this man's peace of mind merely to uphold the principle that telling the truth is the most important function of the doctor?

Many people can't face the truth. The man who acquires venereal dis-

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ease disclaims all knowledge of how he might have gotten it; the unmarried girl who becomes pregnant denies sexual contact; the alcoholic denies drinking; the fat man denies eating excessively. Each of these knows the truth about himself, but cannot face it.

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE pictures himself as being in good health. People having disorders of kidneys, joints, heart, lung, often say: "I'm very healthy, except I have a little trouble with my kidneys (or joints, or heart, or lungs)."

They soft-pedal the bad, and emphasize their imagined good points. All of us tick that way. The facts of life are well-known to us: that we are conceived, are born, we grow and mature, we reach our peak, we decline, we die; and that illnesses or accident may hurry us into death anywhere along the line.

But no one wants to consider that he will ultimately die, even though he may freely admit that the other fellow will die. Hence, it's no wonder that much of what people bring to the doctor-patient relationship leads to distortion of facts and obscuration of medical truths.

Furthermore, the manner in which the doctor tells a patient the truth has some bearing on what the patient *thinks* his doctor is telling him. For example, if the doctor bluntly speaks the truth, he frightens the patient, and no matter how trivial the condition, the patient has the impression that it is serious.

Mrs. Dorothy Snyder was a tense, frightened woman of 73, who consulted me to find out what could be done for her arthritis. For more than 20 years, she had avoided seeking medical aid, fearing that an examination might reveal that she had heart disease.

There was good reason for her fear. She had helped take care of her father, mother and husband, all of whom had died of heart ailments.

My examination showed that Mrs. Snyder did have severe joint disease. But she also had advanced valvular disease, and considerable cardiac enlargement. The only reason she was free from heart symptoms was that her severe arthritis had so limited her physical activity that it protected her from overtaxing her heart. For this reason, her arthritis was a blessing in disguise.

As I was examining her, she asked point-blank: "How is my heart, Doctor? Tell me the truth!"

I had been thinking of what to tell her. And out it came—not the truth, not a lie—but the answer I thought would be best for her.

"Mrs. Snyder, you have a good serviceable heart. Of course, it's not the same as when you were sweet sixteen—but still, it's a very good heart for your age."

She relaxed and smiled. "I'm so glad, Doctor. I was so worried!"

I advised her to spare her joints unnecessary wear and tear, and to avoid strenuous activity. Today Mrs. Snyder is almost 80, and has been leading a happy, interesting life, without being aware of any heart problem.

If the doctor tells the truth in an unemotional manner, he "doesn't seem interested in my case," and as a result the patient pays no attention to warnings that serious disease is present. Or if the doctor softens the hard truth to make it more palatable, then the patient

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erroneously believes that there is nothing wrong with him.

Take the case of Jean Cummings, an attractive, intelligent college girl. Although she had diabetes, she was as well as any normal person, as long as she lived within her limitations. She knew how to manage her diet and insulin expertly. She knew what she could do and couldn't do.

But Christmas vacation she was invited to a house party. Wednesday, the first day, she followed her usual diabetic routine. But Thursday she delayed taking her insulin on time—there was a problem about privacy, and she didn't want her friends to know that she had diabetes.

Friday, she went on a food binge. And Saturday she didn't feel well. That night, at the country club dance, she felt tired and sleepy, but stayed up till 2 A.M. Sunday morning her hostess found Jean in bed, fully dressed, breathing noisily, and apparently unconscious.

She called the family doctor, who made the diagnosis of diabetic coma. He rushed Jean to the hospital. For days, she was more dead than alive, but finally she recovered.

When I next saw her, I asked why she had behaved so foolishly. She looked unhappy. "I didn't want others to know what was wrong with me. I wanted to make believe that I wasn't a diabetic. And I learned the truth—I couldn't get away with it!"

Many patients who hear unfavorable truths about their health prefer to believe that the diagnosis is wrong. They make the rounds of doctors to find one who will give them the optimistic report they desire. Failing this, they may consult all kinds of quacks who are pleased to accommodate them by telling them what they most want to hear: that they have nothing to fear, their health is excellent.

When I see a patient, I am constantly confronted with the dual problems which I must solve to the best of my ability. What is best for the patient? What is best for his family? I try to base my decisions on realistic considerations, and not on impossible goals. And always, I remember that inspiring hope in the patient is one of my important responsibilities.

Should I tell the dying person he is dying? Often this is unnecessarily cruel, and serves no useful purpose. Sometimes people who are "dying" do not die, but rally, recover and live for many years. However, when a sick person has not taken care of certain practical business or family matters, it may be necessary to indicate that death is at hand. I have found that it seems to cheer up even the sickest patient to learn that I have my own will revised at regular intervals—because there seems to be something funny about a doctor setting his affairs in order against the time that he might die.

A doctor can never be omniscient or omnipotent. Only the Lord has these infinite properties. The doctor is a person who is equipped by training to manage the problems of sick people and their families—and to do this better than other people can. All good doctors have the feeling best expressed by a great French surgeon of the sixteenth century, who said: "I dress the wound; God heals the patient."

Medicine is a frustrating profession. The doctor not only has to

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manage and treat patients with illnesses of known origin, but he has to cope with many sicknesses which are caused by unknown factors, and for which we have as yet no remedies. I can remember, as other doctors do, that in 1935 people died of certain infections who today could have been saved with penicillin and aureomycin. But we doctors cannot use methods which are not available, because they have not yet been discovered!

Above all, a doctor is human. He doesn't know everything; he sometimes makes mistakes; he is not all-powerful; he cannot foretell the future with certainty, even though at times he may know approximately what is in store for the sick person.

A doctor has to evaluate each patient's capacity to bear the emotional stress of learning the truth. On the basis of his professional judgment, he tells all, or as much of the truth as he thinks will help—always keeping in mind that he must say nothing which will dim the patient's hope for ultimate recovery. His decisions are made in keeping with the ancient and noble tradition of medicine that a doctor must do nothing which will harm, and only that which will help, his patient. One man can do no more for another than this.

For the Hunting Set

As regularly as the quakenasps turned to gorgeous gold on the slopes of the Rockies, Elmer Endsley, who lived in Foothillville, would buy a big game license, three quarts of Old Glow, two gallons of radiator alcohol for his Model A hunting hack and head for the heights.

He had his usual luck this year. He had managed to explode his gasoline camp stove, accidentally dropped his last quart of Old Glow on a rock, and was driving home, empty-handed, when a big buck started across the road just ahead of him—and got his white tail bumper bumped. The angry deer whirled and rammed his antlers into the radiator, puncturing it. Hot and sickening rose fumes of alcoholic content. The deer freed himself and wobbled away. Elmer grabbed his rifle and fired.

Just then Bert Glockner, owner of the Foothillville Courier, got out of his car and exclaimed, "Gad! They talk about man-biting-dog making news. What a headline this will make: 'Sober Hunter Kills Drunken Deer!'"

Hungry, exhausted and frightened, the man wearing hunting togs dropped the rifle he had been dragging, stumbled forward, threw his arms about the man who had emerged from a patch of timber, and cried, "Thank heaven, mister! I've been lost for two days—and am I glad to see you!"

"What are you so glad about?" mumbled the other. "I've been lost a week!" —*Wall Street Journal*

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JUNIOR VIEWS

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER was telling the story of Moses to a class of wide-eyed five-year-olds.

"Now, whom," she asked dramatically, "do you suppose the beautiful Egyptian princess found to take care of the little boy she had discovered in the bullrushes?"

Without hesitation, Suzanne answered: "A baby sitter." —MARY DORRIS

SMALL GIRL, rebelliously practicing the piano: "And another way for me to be popular is for you to be rich." —*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

A NUN was telling with glee of a geography test among her third-grade students in which she asked where the German people came from, the French people, the Italian, the English, and so forth. All went well until she finally asked, "And where do the Irish come from?" Then came this answer with resounding certitude: "From Notre Dame!" —*Information*

FOR MANY GENERATIONS, a reading of *The Little Match Girl* by Hans Christian Andersen has been guaranteed to move audiences (of the proper age group) to tears. Now, however, a certain teacher has lost some faith in it. As she finished the story recently, one composed five-year-old shrugged her small shoulders and asked, "Well, why didn't she get Social Security or unemployment pay or something like that?" —IRVING HOFFMAN

WHEN I WAS ILL recently, a kind neighbor came in to help. When the children became too trying, she tried to quiet them by saying, "Your mother won't love you if you're naughty."

This was the reply she got: "Mama doesn't always like us, but she always loves us, no matter how bad we are." —MRS. BETTY TOLES (in *Family Circle*)

THE CLASS was studying Africa and when the teacher asked how ivory is used, one small boy excitedly held up his hand. "Most ivory," he said, "is used for soap." —*Capper's Weekly*

A NINE-YEAR-OLD on a radio program was asked if he had any sisters or brothers. "No," he answered. "You see, I'm single." —PAUL DENIS

DAN SEYMOUR TOOK one of his youngsters to the movies and a color short went on, showing Betsy Ross making the first American flag. "Why is she doing that by hand?" the little girl asked. "Are they having labor trouble?" —HY GARDNER

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The First Time I Met God

by ROBERT C. RUARK

A trip to the African jungle taught one civilized man that city living had dulled his sense of simplicity

I WANT TO TELL YOU about a wordless prayer I said. I said it through my pores, sitting in a grove of trees in Tanganyika, East Africa, hard by a crocodile-infested river called The Little Ruaha.

There wasn't anybody around at the time but the Lord and me, and some wild animals. I didn't make any sort of formal speech out of it. Just told Him thank You very kindly for letting me live till this day. It was a little late coming, this thank-you note, but I never meant anything more vehemently.

I was very grateful to be alive, at that moment, for I was alone in the nearest thing to the Garden of Eden I ever expect to see. We had stumbled, while on safari, onto a piece of land which had largely been untrammeled by human feet and uncontaminated by human presence. The exact location remains a secret. The place was too good for man to spoil. Its keynote was perfect peace.

We marveled. Here was country as the first man saw it. We were camped on the river's edge, beneath a vast grove of acacias. It was like living in a natural cathedral, to look upward in the cool, created by the flat tops of the giant trees, with the sun dappling here and there to remove the dank darkness of moist forests. It reminded you of sun rays streaming in through the stained glass of a church window.

The straw beneath the trees had been trampled flat by all the generations of elephants since the first elephant. The silence was unshattered by traffic sounds, by the squawk of radios, by the presence of people. All the noises were animal noises: the elephants bugled and crashed in the bush across the little river; the hippos grunted and the lions roared; the ordinarily elusive leopards came to within 50 yards of the camp, and coughed from curiosity; the hyenas came to call and lounged around the tents like dogs. Even the baboons, usually shy, trotted through the camp as if they'd paid taxes on it.

The eland is a timid antelope, a giant creature who'll weigh up to

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2,000 pounds, and who almost never stops moving. He is as spooky as a banshee, and unless you chase him on the plains in a car, a couple of thousand yards away is as close as you're apt to get. Here at the river's edge, the eland came in herds, walking inquiringly toward you. The same applied to the big Cape Buffalo, who ordinarily snatch one whiff of man-scent and shove off. The buffalo walked up to us here, their noses stretched and their eyes placid and unafraid.

The *impala*—lovely, golden antelope with delicate, lyrelike horns—are usually pretty cheeky little cusses, but here they were downright presumptuous. As we drove along the trails in the jeep, we would have to stop the car and drive them off the path. They leaped high above the earth for sheer fun, not from fear, and one little joker actually jumped completely over the car—just to see if he could, I suppose.

Even the crocodiles seemed unafraid. They slept quietly on the banks, and didn't bother to slide into the water at our approach. The guinea fowl, usually very scary birds, were as tame as domesticated chicken. We must have seen at least 3,000 one morning, and they neither flew nor ran to the nearest exit. They walked with dignity.

You felt that here was a capsuling of creation, unsoiled, unspoiled, untouched by greed or selfishness or cruelty or suspicion. The white hunter, Harry Selby, whose life has been spent among animals, out of doors, gasped continually at the confidence and trust displayed by the profusions of game.

We didn't want to shoot; we didn't even want to talk loud. Here you could see tangible peace; here you could see the hand of God as He possibly intended things to be. We left the place largely as we found it. We felt unworthy of the clean, soft blue sky, of the animals and birds and trees.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL we found this camp that I became aware of what had happened to me in Africa. It had been happening daily, but my perceptions had been so blunted by civilized living that I had somewhere lost an appreciation of simplicity, had dulled my sensitivity by a glut of sensation and the rush of modern existence.

All of a sudden I was seeing skies and noticing mountains and appreciating animals and cataloguing the flowers that dot the yellowed, grassy plains of Africa. I was tabulating bird calls and marveling over the sheer drop of the Rift and feeling *good*. I was conscious of the taste of food, the warmth of water in the canvas bathtub, and the wonder of dreamless sleep.

I was getting up before dawn and loving it. I was desperately anxious to win the approval of the blacks who made up my safari—me who never cared much about presidents and kings. I was feeling *kind*, and acutely alive, and very conscious of sun and moon and sky.

This has to be a paradox, because my primary business in Africa was killing. I was there to shoot. And I shot. But I never shot needlessly and I never killed anything for the sake of seeing it die. We killed for good trophies, and we killed to feed 16 hungry people.

Killing does not seem wrong in Africa, because the entire scheme

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of living is based on death. The death of one thing complements the life of another thing. The African economy is erected on violence, and so there is no guilt to shooting a zebra that the lions will have tomorrow, or a lion that will eventually be a hyena's breakfast when he is too old to defend himself.

Things are very simple in the African veld. You are a courageous man or you are a coward, and it takes a very short time to decide, and for everyone you know to detect it. You can learn more about people in three days on safari than you might run down in a lifetime of polite association under "civilized" circumstances.

There is no room for selfishness. A safari is as intricate as a watch. It is pared down to the essentials of good living—which is to say food, transport, cleanliness, self-protection, and relaxation or fun. It has a heavy quotient of hard work, in which everyone has a share. It is like a ship, on a long cruise, in that respect. There is a thing for every man to do, and if he fails the failure affects all, to the hurt of all.

A sloppy gunbearer, who lags behind, can get you killed. You shake your shoes each morning on the off chance a scorpion has nested in your boot. . . .

You realize that a man who earns a living with two fingers on a typewriter has always accepted the local supermarket, the utilities company, the waterworks, the central heating and the highway department as part of his life. All of a sudden, save for a few conveniences, I was right back with the early man.

If we wanted light, we either built a fire or turned on a very primitive lamp. Fire we always needed, if only to fend the hyenas off tomorrow's dinner, and always in the starkly chill nights to keep from freezing. So we had to pitch camp where dry wood was. And close to where water was. And where dry wood was, and water was, and wood was, and food was, you had to travel.

Back home, I had accepted light, heat, water, roads and food. Especially food. You flicked a switch, started the car and let her ramble, or picked up the phone and called the grocer. The most intimate contact with food I ever had was when I ate it and when I paid the bill.

Now I was for the first time in the bacon-bringing business, which is to say that 16 people eat or don't eat according to what I could do with the business aperture of a rifle. Not that my wife, the hunter or I would starve, of course. But there were 13 hungry natives, used to consuming many pounds of meat a day—*each*—wondering what goodies *Bwana* was going to fetch home to plug the aching void.

By goodies they meant *nyama*—meat. Zebra meat, eland meat, buffalo meat, any kind of meat. I was the Chicago stockyards, the slaughter pens, the corner delicatessen, in their simple and direct minds. This was a new thing. I hunted for it, and I found it, and I shot it, and then we ate it. What we didn't eat was made into *biltong*, dried meat or jerky.

There is no waste in Africa. Back home I had seemed surrounded by waste—waste of money, waste of time, waste of life, waste of leisure, mostly waste of effort. Away out yonder, under the cleanly laun-

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dered skies, there seems to be a scheme that works better than what we have devised here. There is a dignity we have not yet achieved by acquiring vice-presidencies and a $50,000 bonus and planned economies and the purposeful directorship of the world.

THE HAPPIEST MAN I ever knew is named Katunga. He is an old *Wa-Kamba*, whose filed front teeth have dropped out. His possessions are four wives, a passel of old children, young children and grandchildren. And *pride*.

Katunga is known as *Bwana* Katunga to white and black alike, because Katunga is the best skinner of animals in the world. He sings as he skins. He is a happy man, with a sense of humor, and he has never seen Milton Berle, and he disdains a gun as an unworthy weapon compared to a knife. Nor does he pay a tax or fret about extinction. Death holds no horror for him.

One day just before I left East Africa, I heard Katunga speaking more or less to himself, as he flensed a Grant gazelle I had shot. He was surrounded by his usual clique of admirers, for Africans are great listeners.

"I am an old man," Katunga said. "I am not so very long for safaris. Someday soon I will die. But when I die I will have left my mark. The safaris will pass my *boma*. They will see my houses and my maize fields. They will see my wives and my children and my grandchildren. They will see what Katunga has left behind, and will say: 'King-i-Katunga lived there!' "

And true enough, *Bwana* Katunga will have become King, since he realizes his worth and anticipates it before time awards it to him. Not many captains of our industry can say as much.

The starkest fear I have ever known was given me by buffalo, until the fear became a fascination, and the fascination an addiction, until I was almost able to observe myself as another creature, and became bemused by my own reactions. I finally courted buffalo as a hair shirt to my own conscience, and almost would have been interested to see how many possible ways there are to be killed by one.

Finally, I had the opportunity to find out about courage. There are all gradations of fear, and the greatest gradation is the fear of being known to be afraid. I felt it one day after a lengthy stalk through awful grass after a buffalo—a maddened wounded buffalo.

When I finally looked at him, and he looked at me, and there wasn't any tree to climb and no place to hide, I was the local expert on fear. At less than 50 yards a buffalo looks into your soul.

I unlimbered my Westley Richards double-barrelled .470, and let him have it where it hurt. Then I went off and was sick. And then for the next several weeks, I had to force myself to inspect his relatives at close quarters. I was frightened of embarrassing the black boys by my cowardice, so my cowardice conquered the minor cowardice, which only involved dying, and so we went and sought the buffalo. Ditto lion, leopard, rhino. Likewise snakes. A small cobra is very large to a man who fears caterpillars.

What I have been driving at is an explanation of why I want to go

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back to Africa, again and again and again. It is because I discovered in Africa my own true importance, which is largely nothing. Except as a very tiny wedge in the never-ending cycle that God or *Mungu* or somebody has figured out. The Swahili say: "*Shauri Mungu*" meaning "God's business," when they can't figure out an explanation for why it rains or they lost the way to camp or there aren't any lions where there should be lions.

In Africa, you learn lastly that death is as necessary to life as the other way around. You are impressed with the tininess of your own role in a grand scheme that has been going on since before anybody wrote books about it, and from that starting point you know true humility for the first time.

I believe today I am a humble man, because I have seen a hyena eat a lion carcass, and I have seen the buzzards eat the hyena that ate the lion, and I saw the ants eat one buzzard that ate the hyena that ate the lion. It appeared to me that *Mungu* had this one figured out, because if kings fall before knaves, and they both contribute to the richness of tomorrow's fertile soil, then who am I to make a big thing out of me?

It was not so much that I was a stranger to the vastnesses of Tanganyika, which are not dark but joyous. It was not that I was lost in a jungle so much as if I had finally come home, home to a place of serenity, with a million pets to play with, without complication, with full appreciation of the momentary luxury of being alive, without pettiness, and finally, with a full knowledge of what a small ant I was in the hill of life.

I belonged there all the time, I figured, and that's why I say I had to go to Africa to meet God.

Maidenly Mischief

"MY GOODNESS, you have a marvelous cook!" gushed the guest. "She has taken the most exquisite pains with everything tonight. The food was delicious. I never could get a perfectly wonderful cook like that."

"She's the one whom you discharged last week," chuckled the hostess. "I just told her this morning you were coming to dine with me tonight." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE LADY, interviewing a prospective maid, remarked, "I always like lunch to be finished soon after one, so that we can go for a drive in the car if it is a nice day."

"Splendid idea," the girl exclaimed enthusiastically. "Then we can do the washing-up when we get back home."—*Irish Banking Magazine*

MRS. WALKER could not believe that Anne could yield up the wonderful privilege of being her cook to go to work for Mrs. Sommers.

"Does Mrs. Sommers know you've only worked for me six weeks?" she demanded.

"Yes ma'am," Anne replied solemnly. "She said that if I'd managed to stay with you for that long it was good enough reference for her!" —JEROME SAXON

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"What'll We Do on Prom Nights?"

by JEANELLEN MCKEE

How one town solved the problem of keeping teen-agers out of trouble

THIS IS the story of how Hartford City answered the question asked every year by its high-school youngsters, "What'll we do after the Prom?" And how it turned a night that parents dreaded into one of pleasure and joy for everyone.

Prom week in Hartford City, an Indiana town of about 8,000, was always a time of wild excitement for the high-school youngsters—and of anxiety for their parents. This was especially true on the night of the Junior-Senior Prom, climax of the week.

After the dance, the boys and girls found Hartford City dull. Too many of them piled into cars and raced from one town to another, seeking excitement. Parents spent an uneasy night, only daring to relax when the youngsters came trailing in safely in the morning.

When the parents pleaded that they stay in town for their fun, the students replied, "This is our big night. We want to have something exciting and special to remember it by. What is there new and interesting to do in Hartford City?"

For the past two years, there has been plenty to do in Hartford City on Prom Night. Parents have had no cause for worry and their teenagers have found out that their home town can provide a big night for them to remember.

Paul W. McKee, after suffering through four long Prom Nights with his two daughters, in 1951 came up with a plan for an all-night Prom festival—nine hours jam-packed with continuous, varied *and supervised* entertainment—that would provide the young folks with a night of fun and yet keep them safe in Hartford City.

A former Indiana governor of Kiwanis, McKee presented his brain child to the local club. His fellow Kiwanians grabbed at the idea, and put it into action by promptly naming McKee as general chairman.

The idea was submitted to the junior and senior classes at high

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school, who voted overwhelmingly in its favor. Other organizations and clubs were then asked to help and it didn't take long for the whole town to get into the act.

The Elks Lodge, the Moose Lodge, the American Legion and its Auxiliary, the local theater, the country club and many other organizations, as well as individuals, all got down to work. And there was lots of work to be done.

The main problem was to schedule enough first-class entertainment so that the youngsters wouldn't have a chance to get bored. With this in mind, the committee blocked out the night into four separate programs—each to provide professional entertainment, yet still give the boys and girls plenty of chance to work off steam in such activities as group singing, dancing for prizes and sports contests. A representative from the junior and senior classes was invited to join the general committee and their suggestions were carefully considered.

The whole town was agog with excitement when the big night arrived. Nobody needed to ask, "What'll we do after the Prom?" Anticipation ran high.

Immediately after the dance at the high-school auditorium, everyone flocked to the Hartford City Theater for the official opening of the all-night festival. A brand new movie, a Technicolor musical in a world premiere, was presented with all the glamorous trimmings of flood lights, white carpets, streets roped off, and policemen to "contain" the townspeople who turned out to watch the festivities.

Outside the theater, an announcer from radio station WPGW in nearby Portland interviewed scores of high-school "celebrities" in the lobby, while a reception line of Kiwanians and their wives greeted the honored guests as they arrived. The big night was under way.

When the premiere was over, the youngsters were escorted to the Elks Club, transformed for the night into a replica of a big city cabaret, where they danced to a band imported from Fort Wayne, watched a floor show with novelty acts, received favors, noisemakers, paper hats, dancing and door prizes, and consumed quantities of soft drinks, potato chips, peanuts and other refreshments.

AT 4 A.M. everyone trouped over to the American Legion Home for a big breakfast prepared "to order" by the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary and served up with a flourish by the Kiwanians.

Still full of pep, the youngsters rushed home to change into blue jeans and informal clothes, then back to the Elks Club for square dancing and a treasure hunt. Three hours later, at 8 in the morning, they sang a sentimental "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" in honor of a newly engaged couple, bounced through a last round of the Virginia Reel, and the all-night Prom festival came to a reluctant close. Hartford City had really made a night of it.

"They really gave us a thrill!" the youngsters said. "What a wonderful, wonderful night! Gosh, we didn't think they cared that much! Our home town's right on the ball!"

Hartford City's parents agreed that it was certainly worth it, particularly as they recalled that in a

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neighboring town the same week, an auto accident had injured three members of the high-school graduating class, out celebrating after their Prom. The thought was in everyone's mind, "They might have been our youngsters."

After Hartford City's success, the Rotary Club in nearby Portland promptly sponsored a similar all-night festival. Scores of letters have come in from people eager to plan an around-the-clock high-school celebration for their towns. To all of these, and to any other towns interested in such a program, the Hartford City Kiwanis Club Committee offers the following advice:

Start planning early.

Be sure to plan *enough* first-class entertainment to keep things rolling at a fast pace—or you may lose your audience.

Include a couple of high-school members on the committee. Find out what they think would be fun. Listen to their ideas on food and entertainment. It's their big night—let them help plan it.

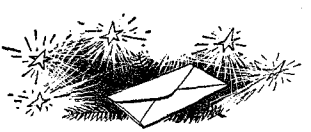
Get the whole town interested. Success depends on plenty of cooperation from clubs, organizations and individuals. (In Hartford City, the local theater donated the premiere, the Moose Lodge the dance orchestra. Favors and prizes were paid for by scores of individual contributions.)

Allow room for flexibility in your plans. (The square dance at Hartford City was originally scheduled for the country club, in combination with softball and other sports events. Bad weather, however, made necessary a transfer to the Elks Club.)

If possible, use a separate committee for each program through the night. The youngsters come through a solid nine hours of celebration fresh as daisies; but it's a bit rugged on the older folks, who would do well to work out a relay system, by which a different group supervises each part of the program.

The people of Hartford City can assure you that one of the most satisfying community projects they ever tackled was the job that has given them an annual answer to their youngsters' query: "What'll we do after the Prom?"

Special Delivery Santa



AS THEY SAT DOWN to their Christmas dinners a year ago, an unusually large number of families in an Eastern town were thrilled to hear the doorbell ring and receive a special delivery letter from their boys in Korea. It wasn't until after the holidays that they discovered how all these letters happened to arrive at such a happy moment. On December 24, a stranger had walked into the post office, put a big bill down on the counter and said, "I want to buy special delivery stamps for all servicemen's letters that come in tomorrow. I think their families would enjoy getting them on Christmas Day itself."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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The Presidential

ONE DAY, Calvin Coolidge lay down for a nap in the executive offices of the White House. It was a busy day and important visitors and matters of state waited while the President slept peacefully on, past the time when he should have gone back to work.

His secretary tiptoed anxiously in and out, hesitating to awaken his chief, yet noticeably concerned. At length, Mr. Coolidge awakened, and opening one eye inquired with a sheepish look, "Is the country still here?" —NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, *You Can Win* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

IMMEDIATELY AFTER Herbert Hoover was inaugurated as President, he started to prune expenses, even shipping the White House saddle horses to the cavalry pool at Fort Myer.

One of the unemployed stableboys immediately complained to the incumbent's predecessor, Calvin Coolidge.

"I guess," Cal shrugged, "they figure the horses will eat less hay at Fort Myer than they do at the White House." —HY GARDNER

WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT was President, his colorful personality was the basis of many stories which circulated to the amusement of Washingtonians. One of these interesting anecdotes revolved around the former Rough Rider's alleged habit of always carrying a gun wherever he went.

According to the story, Mr. Roosevelt rushed into the White House early one morning after a horseback ride, hurried upstairs, and in a few minutes was down again, having changed his riding clothes for more formal attire.

As he was rushing out the front door, someone tried to detain him, saying: "Mr. President, I want to ask you. . . ."

"Can't stop now," ejaculated Teddy, shrugging him aside. "I'm late now—going to have breakfast with the Bishop and. . . ." He stopped short, patted his pockets, and exclaimed in horror: "Good heavens, I forgot my gun!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

DURING HIS STAGE TOUR with the play "Apple of His Eye," Edward Arnold attended a White House reception and President Truman asked him how the show was going. Arnold reported that everything was fine except for nasty notices by a couple of critics.

The President smiled as he said: "Would you like me to write them a letter?" —ERSKINE JOHNSON (*Photoplay*)

IN THE SCRIPT of "Stars and Stripes Forever," the story of John Phillip Sousa, is the following: At a Presidential reception held in the White House by Benjamin Harrison, Sousa's Marine Band was playing a slow march. The President complained to Sousa that so many guests stopped to talk that the receiving line was terribly slowed, and suggested that faster and louder

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Touch

music might help. Sousa then had the band play "Semper Fidelis," his famous composition which was to become the official march of the Marine Corps. —SIDNEY SKOLSKY

AN INTERESTING MEMORIAL to the saving ways of George Washington, one of our thriftiest Presidents, is a yellowed requisition slip calling for one chain for a Navy ship. Across the paper, faded but still legible, appear the words: "Approved, but cannot something be realized from the old chain? G. Washington."

THROUGH ALL THE MIGHT and majesty of the Presidency, Calvin Coolidge never stepped out of his accustomed character of simplicity and unaffected kindness. The following incident is indicative:

A guest aboard the Presidential yacht, the *Mayflower*, observed with astonishment one day that when the vessel put out on a week-end cruise, the usual Presidential salute was not given. She mentioned the omission to Mrs. Coolidge, who explained that the President had ordered it so.

"Would you mind telling me why?" the very surprised guest inquired.

"The salute," Mrs. Coolidge explained, with a smile, "would frighten our dog." —ANDREW MEREDITH

WARREN G. HARDING, who always prided himself on his courtliness, discovered after he became Chief Executive that the President is not permitted to observe the same standards of conduct as other individuals.

The first time he and Mrs. Harding entered the White House, after his election, they were escorted to the elevator. Harding stepped aside to let his wife pass. It was the last time he did so. The elevator operator blocked the entrance.

"Sorry," he said firmly, "the President first." —E. E. EDGAR

THE LATE FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT practiced a psychological trick of his own on visitors, a private bit of secret service as it were. Passing through the crowded reception room on the way to his own office, F.D.R. would pause long enough to tell a hoary, bewhiskered joke to those waiting to see him. He would make a mental note of those who laughed and those who merely smiled politely. The laughers, he once explained to a friend, were there to seek favors—the others were there on business, which should be attended to first.

EX-PRESIDENT Grover Cleveland leased his Princeton home and took his lovely wife on a trip. Finally a letter from the lessee caught up with the travelers.

There was, it said, water in the basement.

Immediately Cleveland sent an answering cable to his harassed tenant, "What do you expect? Champagne?" —MARY ALKUS

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11,000,000 Hobbyists Are Enjoying . . .

A Basement Bonanza in Home-Craft Tools

by NORMAN CARLISLE

TAKE THE AVERAGE American's desire to make something with his own hands. Give him an almost miraculous way to do it with a skill he never dreamed he had. Give this newfound skill a practical value that can raise the family's standard of living, by bringing added comfort, style and utility into the home.

Then add the fact that it can provide peace of mind and an escape from an increasingly troubled world. Put all these together and you have an understandable explanation for the rocketing success of what is fast becoming America's most popular creative hobby.

Home craftsmanship, which always had a select set of followers, has blossomed out as everybody's pastime, with 11,000,000 ardent devotees, and more joining the ranks every day as word of the hobby's fascination and rewards gets around. They include laborers, corporation presidents, movie actors, musicians, scientists, lawyers, doctors, housewives and just plain citizens, ranging in age from teens to 90's. Together they spent upward of $2,000,000,000 last year for equipment and supplies in a spending splurge that has turned a hobby into an overwhelmingly big business. And equipment manufacturers are confident that the peak of the boom has not been reached.

What made it all possible is a typically American invention, the power-driven tool that substitutes electricity for muscle power. Actually, that's too simple a description of the powered devices that are now pouring off the assembly lines. For the most amazing thing about them is that they are capable of doing things that would make an old-time hand craftsman blink with amazement.

Give a power tool to a neophyte who never could saw along a straight line or pound a nail without walloping his thumb, and he can turn out a professional looking project that may range anywhere from a pair of ornamental book ends to a gate-leg table. And thanks to other innovations that enterprising

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inventors have created to go along with the power tools, this former fumble-finger doesn't even need to read a blueprint or puzzle over dimensions. All he has to do is run a pencil along the edge of a piece of pattern paper.

The whole fabulous affair began just 30 years ago in a back alley in Milwaukee. There, a machinist named Herbert Tautz had a small shop where he turned out industrial gadgets. One day an inventor walked in with a hand-powered jig saw that fascinated Tautz.

He redesigned and manufactured the device, which was simply a toy for boys. It sold by the thousands but, more important, it gave Tautz an idea. Why not build a full-sized saw like that, and run it with an electric motor? It might appeal to home craftsmen, though he wondered if there would be many who would pay as much as he would have to charge.

Still, Tautz made up a few of the devices and optimistically offered them for $25 each. Somewhat to his surprise, they sold quickly.

That was the beginning of the first major venture in power tools for home workshops. Tautz's enterprise became Delta Tools, one of the biggest companies in what has become a highly competitive field.

Curiously enough, the Depression gave Delta its biggest boost and made other firms eye the field as a promising one. With regular employment gone, thousands of men turned to making and selling jigsaw puzzles as a means of livelihood, and power jig saws proved to be the quickest way to make them.

Though the number of power-tool enthusiasts increased steadily year after year, sales did not reach boom proportions until after World War II. Then quantity production and wartime know-how enabled manufacturers to cut prices so sensationally that sales shot up.

One company jumped its volume from $17,000,000 a year to $30,000,000. Another concern, offering a power drill for less than $20, has sold more than a million of them in five years. A big New York hardware store, which was always a mecca for home craftsmen, has upped its sales of power tools 40 times above prewar figures.

Sales have been helped to these astronomical levels by the high cost of labor. A power tool that helps a man to make needed home improvements at a fraction of the cost of hiring a carpenter seems like a good investment.

THE HOME WORKSHOP has caught on as few, if any, spare time activities ever have before, because its followers have discovered that it is one hobby which can be all things to all men. A quick glance at the roster of some of its famous followers and their varied projects is evidence enough of that.

They include Ezio Pinza, who turns out a variety of knicknacks; Edgar Bergen, who makes, as you might guess, wooden dummies; Vannevar Bush, famed scientist, turns his high-powered scientific mind to making almost anything that might strike his fancy; James Kraft, president of the cheese company that bears his name, amuses himself with polishing jade and making jewelry.

How much a man spends on tools to conduct his home craftsmanship

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depends not so much on his income or the projects he wants to undertake as it does on his inclinations and sales resistance. Some hobbyists get along with two or three gadgets, costing less than $100, while others have invested thousands.

A San Francisco truck driver has a garage stocked with $4,000 worth of tools; a New York executive has $5,000 worth in his Park Avenue apartment. Estimates as to the average amount spent by an enthusiast vary, but some experts think that $200 would be a fair figure.

The new power-driven tools are amazingly low priced. In the way of woodworking devices, as little as $13 will buy a jig saw; a sander can be purchased for $20; a planer for $55. A lathe for light metal work can be acquired for as little as $58. A remarkable machine which polishes, cuts and grinds jewels by methods once available only to skilled lapidaries will set you back as little as $30.

There is even a marvelous combination tool which saws, shapes, sands, drills and performs such woodworking arts as dadoing, mitering and rabbeting. Along with other things, by attachment of your own block print it can be used as a printing press. In fact, it is getting harder all the time to tell one machine from another. Saws become sanders by the substitution of a sanding disc. A portable drill becomes a power saw by slipping on a toothed attachment.

In the face of the dizzying variety of machines with their chameleon-like ability to turn into something else, the newcomer can't be blamed if he finds himself a little bewildered by it all. But the tool demonstrator at any big hardware store will quickly convince him there's no problem to picking everything he needs for the complete workshop.

Chances are he will get sound advice to start out simply with the least expensive tool, a portable drill with a revolving shaft, to which can be fitted all sorts of attachments for small-scale sawing, sanding, polishing and grinding.

THE MORE ADVANCED worker in wood depends on five basic tools: 1) Tilt arbor saw. This is a circular saw, with a movable platform that will do all the basic cutting of boards of any size. 2) Jointer. The whirling knives of this gadget do a precise job of planing. 3) Portable sander. There are several different types that take the grief out of giving work a professional finish. 4) Drill press. This does the major jobs that can't be done as accurately by a portable drill; moreover, it will cut through metal and plastic as well as wood. 5) Scroll saw. Some craftsmen specialize in scrollwork, but all fancy shapes require one.

With an outfit like that, a woodworker is set to tackle almost any project, from a toy boat to a whole house. Many power tool hobbyists actually have built complete homes, cutting and shaping each piece to size in advance—sort of a one-man prefabricating project.

The lapidary gets off with one combination machine that does about everything that needs to be done to turn a dull, rough piece of jade into a glittering piece of polished jewelry. The metal-working fan will surely have a lathe as a basic power tool (so, for that matter, will the advanced woodwork-

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er). He will also have a drill press, a saw, a wire-wheel grinder-buffer, and maybe even an electric forge.

How much room a hobbyist's collection of tools takes depends on how much space he has. Philip Wrigley, famed gum-maker, may have the biggest home workshop in the country. His huge collection sprawls over one entire floor of what was once a carriage house outside his Chicago home. Meanwhile, millions of home workshops edge their way right up to the laundry tubs in the basement. Others have been known to crowd the car out of the family garage.

On the other hand, a Manhattan advertising executive keeps $1,500 worth of tools in a closet; a San Francisco lawyer keeps his workshop in a pull-out drawer under the bed. With many tools being made far more compact than clumsy early models, the problem of where to put them is getting simpler. There is even a gadget described as a "pocket machine shop."

Actually it is small enough to fit in a coat pocket, yet it saws, sands or drills wood, plastic and light metal. This feat is made possible by a shaft to which various attachments are fitted. Substituting speed for bulk, it whirls at 27,000 revolutions a minute. All it takes is a convenient light socket.

"Tools like this," the enthusiasts tell you, "have put the powered home workshop into the living room." They point out that, along with its virtue of portability, the device makes little noise and won't interfere with the TV set. Just where this miniature power tool craze will stop, nobody knows. In addition to Lilliputian tools, they have even turned out a pocket-size paint sprayer.

Nobody knows just how many handicrafters have reached a point where they decide to cash in on their hobby, but the number is considerable and the market enormous. Those already operating successful enterprises point out that the surface hasn't been scratched, with the public hungry for "handmade" novelties.

In Dania, Florida, Bernard Roloff, whose equipment consisted solely of a second-hand band saw, got the idea that he could make things out of bamboo. Now he does a big business in bracelets, brooches, earrings, salt and pepper shakers and a host of other novelties. A 15-cent piece of bamboo fishpole yields $50 worth of finished products.

In Manhattan Beach, California, Dewitte Hagar and his wife operate a world-wide business based on stone polishing and cutting machines they design and manufacture for rock collectors.

Rudolph Bochco, a concert violinist whose first home workshop was in a closet in his mother-in-law's apartment, left the stage in 1946 to design and make custom-built furniture in the New York workshop he and a partner opened. The business has been so successful that Bochco hasn't had time for a concert since.

This vast reserve of machine power represented by the nation's power-tool owners often oversteps the bounds of a pleasurable or profitable hobby, as many grateful industries can testify. Take the case of Boeing Aircraft in Seattle.

Among its requirements in filling military orders was one small tool

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worth less than $50. No company in existence made it—and what big corporation was ever going to make a bid and bother with the necessary paperwork involved on a one-item contract for that amount?

At this point, Kemp Hiatt, home-workshop fan with some metal-working tools in his basement, stepped into the picture. "I can make that tool easily," he announced, and the company cheerfully awarded him the contract on his $35 bid. Hiatt quickly completed the job. After that, he took a crack at bigger jobs and soon had other enthusiasts working with him. His staff eventually included four schoolteachers, two ministers, four bankers and an undertaker.

Almost regretfully, Hiatt outgrew his amateur status, became a full-fledged manufacturer. He now has 95 machines and 125 employees producing defense items and several products, including an ingenious hot-cold mixing faucet, on which the company collaborated with the inventor.

"But that wasn't my idea to begin with," he insists with the fervor one encounters in most followers of his hobby. "I'd have been satisfied with the fun I got out of making that first tool."

Any way you look at it, America's boom in power tools is big—and getting bigger all the time. And it's probably just as good for our country as its devotees say it is. In troubled times, as one enthusiast puts it, "something to do with your hands calms you down more than any sure-cure wonder drug."

Obviously!

AN EARNEST MOTHER conducting her children through a British museum came upon the bullet-torn vest which had been taken from the body of Lord Nelson after the battle of Trafalgar. She pointed solemnly to the hole where the fatal bullet had entered.

"There, children," she said to them. "You remember what I told you about a stitch in time saving nine. Now if that hole had been mended, the bullet wouldn't have gone through. And Nelson might be living yet!" —PHILIP MUIR

A MAN returned home from the office one night and as he sat down to dinner with his wife, said: "You've been worrying me for five years now because you weren't as well dressed as the woman next door."

"Well?" demanded his wife.

"Well," was the husband's answer, "he's failed. They've lost everything."

"Did he owe you anything?" asked the wife.

"No," answered her husband.

"Well," demanded the wife, "what's that got to do with my clothes, then?" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE WEAKER SEX is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

—*Aim*

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"I've Just Begun to Fight!"

by JOHN HYDE PRESTON; illustrated *by* HARVEY KIDDER

FAR FROM Valley Forge where, in 1778, the American Army was being painfully whipped into shape by a Prussian drillmaster, a war was being fought on the high seas. It was furious warfare, without science or plan. Two ships would meet on the broad ocean, and if they disliked the colors of each other's flags, cannon would roar and the rolling waves went red with blood.

Since the beginning of the Revolutionary War, American privateers had been prowling the Atlantic, attacking British transports and merchantmen. Coming from nowhere, they disappeared into nowhere. Following the American alliance with France, they openly fitted themselves out in French ports, and haunted the English coast.

Their crews were gangs of scar-faced banditti, the scrapings of brothels and debtors' prisons. They were social misfits, and cyclonic young men hungering for adventure. Their first thought was loot and their second, when it happened to

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be convenient, the glory of the United States.

What was known as the Continental Navy was a pathetic shadow-fleet compared to the great armada of privateers. No man with his eyes open was willing to serve in that ill-paid, ill-fed Navy when he had a chance of booty captured from an English merchantman sailing back from Africa or India—booty of ivory, gold, spices and diamonds. Why serve that bedraggled Navy when all this glory was at hand?

In France, kneeling at the feet of "that divine woman," the Duchesse de Chartres, was an American sea captain whose reputation in the year 1778 weighed on British hearts like some fog of terror. He was a smallish, beautifully mannered young man of 32, with a skin bronzed by sun and wind, and a sensitive mouth. Not at all the sort to be bulldog of the seas.

But Benjamin Franklin knew him better than any. "He is not a man," he said, "but a nor'easter!"

He loved daring, women and fine literature. The world remem-

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bers him as John Paul Jones. But Jones was not his name.

He was christened John Paul and was known as that until he was 26. Then one day, while master of a rum ship at Tobago in the West Indies, he was accosted in his cabin by a drunken sailor.

John Paul shoved the sailor toward the door. The sailor picked up a club and swung. John Paul's sword flashed from its sheath and the sailor fell, blood soaking his tattered shirt. The sensitive artist, young dreamer of dreams, had committed murder.

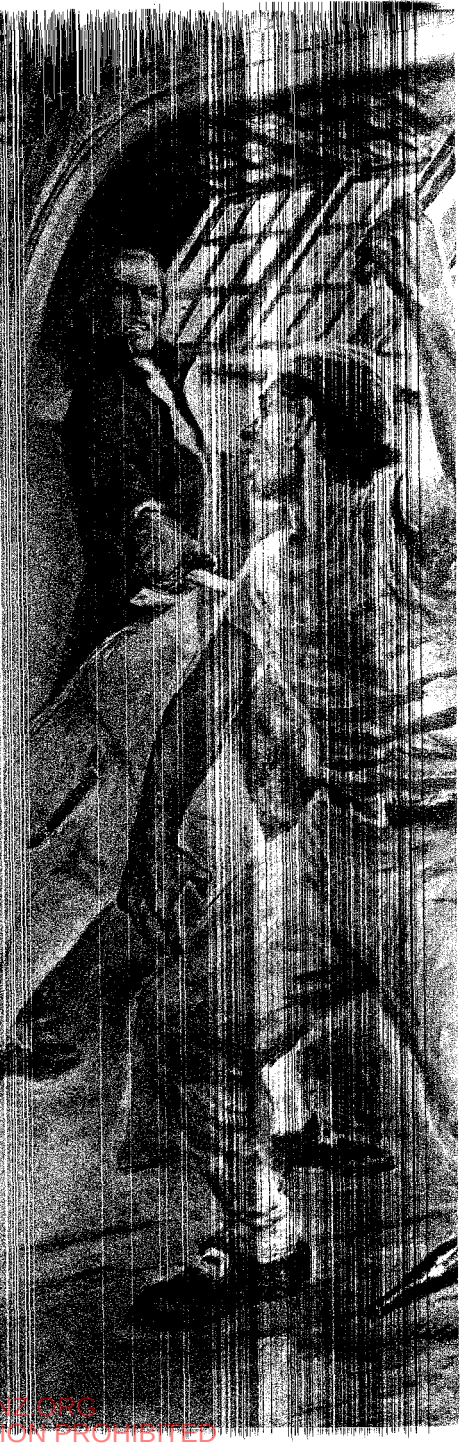
Within an hour John Paul was astride a horse, riding down tropical roads, raising dust behind him. Night came and he was still riding . . . away from Tobago, forever.

Two years later a well-groomed, debonair young man accepted his commission at Philadelphia as senior lieutenant in the Continental Navy. He said he was from North Carolina and signed himself Jno. P. Jones.

Sadly he intimated that the course of his life had been determined against his will. He did not like gore and smoke-blackened fighting men; his heart beat close to salons and lovely ladies.

He hinted to the Countess of Selkirk that some dark secret in his past had forced him to give up his fond dreams of domesticity. Through his most harrowing battle he counted the firing intervals on a delicate watch given him by his beloved Duchesse de Chartres, as a token of her affection.

This ferocious warrior, who desired to be a poet, was haunted by the "curse in a dead man's eye." A fear that would not let him rest



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enabled John Paul Jones to place himself forever in the gallery of American immortals. . . .

A limpid, moonlit night in September. The lights of Flamborough Head in England twinkle across the silver sea. The white sails of the battle squadron under Commodore Jones bell in the breeze. Plowing through the Atlantic on the far horizon is another armada of white sails—the great Baltic Fleet of merchantmen coming home to London, convoyed by two of His Majesty's proudest men-of-war, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*.

Jones is aboard the flagship of his little squadron, the *Bonhomme Richard*, 40 guns, secured for him from the King of France by the intervention of his "divine" Duchesse de Chartres. The sea knight had adored her hands with his lips, and cried: "Madame, I shall lay an English frigate at your feet!"

But the *Bonhomme Richard* is a dismal old tub. Jones knows as he paces the deck in the moonlight, his powdered queue brushing across his shoulders, that most of her guns cannot be fired; the recoil would send them crashing through rotten timbers. Yet the Lord of Waters is undismayed: he counts on victory

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as surely as he counts on his conquests of the ladies.

Jones scrutinizes the *Serapis* through his long glass, her yellow sides and bright rigging gleaming in the moonlight. Big and handsome she is—a bit ponderous to lay at the feet of his Duchesse.

The other ships of Jones's squadron are hanging back, shying from the fight. The *Alliance*, under her insane captain, Landais, is racing over the seas, firing volley after volley at the moon.

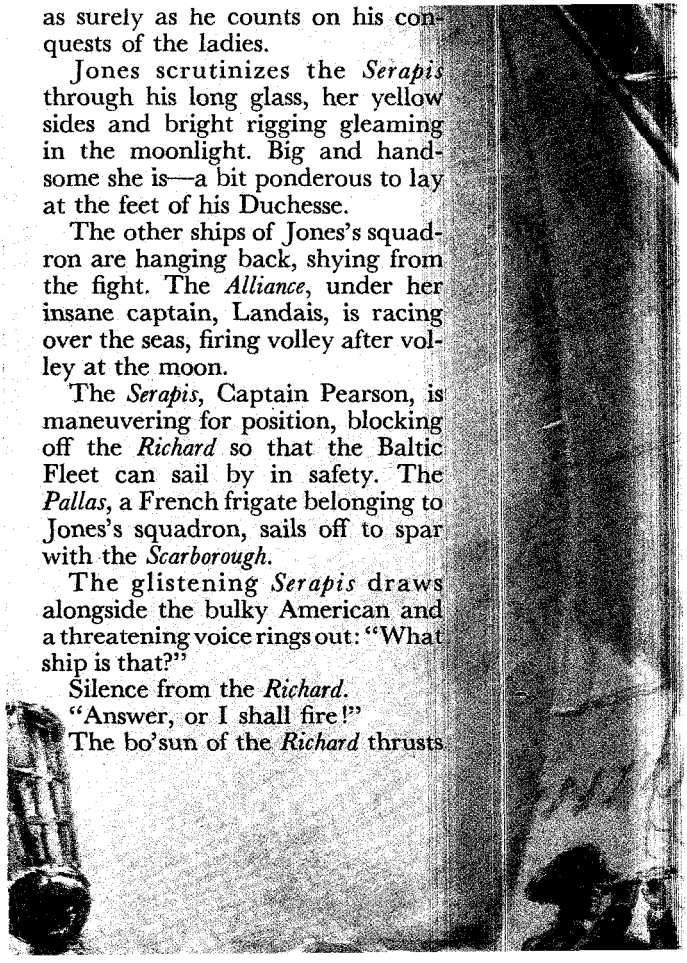
The *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, is maneuvering for position, blocking off the *Richard* so that the Baltic Fleet can sail by in safety. The *Pallas*, a French frigate belonging to Jones's squadron, sails off to spar with the *Scarborough*.

The glistening *Serapis* draws alongside the bulky American and a threatening voice rings out: "What ship is that?"

Silence from the *Richard*.

"Answer, or I shall fire!"

The bo'sun of the *Richard* thrusts



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his scowling head from a port. "Fire—and be damned to you!"

Thunderous broadsides rend the air. The ships rock from the recoil; they lurch heavily amid eddying clouds of black smoke. There are wild cries and curses of men.

Suddenly there is a red explosion on the lower gun deck of the *Richard*. Two 18-pounders have burst, and mangled bodies of the gun crew lie amid wreckage. Now the *Richard* has but one tier of guns, and even these jump in their corroded pinions.

Jones rushes guns from the lee side to replace those which have been gutted. The gunners, stripped to the waist, work feverishly in the moonlight, their skin sweaty and stained black with powder. The steady British fire is devastating.

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The French marines on Jones's poop deck go down with horrible rapidity. For a moment they waver; they begin to fall back. Then a dark little man leaps into their midst, grabs a musket and mounts the rail, firing into the *Serapis*. It is John Paul Jones.

The French marksmen catch his spirit; they rally with a cheer. One after another the *Serapis* gunners pitch forward and lie still.

Jones is racing about, yelling orders and swearing ferociously in French and English. All of a sudden a spread of white sail appears down wind. Jones utters a short hymn of thanks. The ship is the *Alliance*, coming to his rescue.

The *Alliance* comes on, swift as a greyhound. Her men can be detected in the moonlight, crouched at the guns, as she lets go a terrific broadside—smack into the *Bonhomme Richard!* Then Captain Landais passes to leeward, and sails off into the moonlight.

Jones's situation is desperate. The *Richard* is sinking, and eager flames lick her rigging.

A sudden breeze wakes on the quiet sea. Jones lets his sails out to the full, and the stays of the *Richard* work over the sharp fluke of the enemy's anchor. Jones yells for boarders to lash the ships together.

Now the combat is hand to hand. The cannon blaze at one another, muzzles only a few feet apart. Midshipman Fanning is perched on the mainmast, hurling grenades.

Suddenly the *Richard's* flagstaff snaps and her ensign dips. The British decks swell with a cry: "They've surrendered!"

Captain Pearson cups his hands to shout: "Do I understand you have struck?"

Jones's furious reply rings out. "Struck? You damned fool, I've just begun to fight!"

Now the British try frantically to cut away from the sinking *Richard*, but the snipers pluck off every axwielder who stands up to the rigging. Now the boarders crouch on the quarter deck, grimy and bloody.

They charge over the rail of the *Serapis*, pistols snapping, and crush

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resistance. In the confusion Jones loses his hat. A midshipman hands it to him.

"Never mind the hat!" he shouts. "I'll fight this out in my scalp!"

There is a blinding flash on the *Serapis* and fire shoots heavenward. Fanning's third grenade has dropped through the open hatch and the starboard guns are wrecked. Slowly the mainmast of the *Serapis* wavers, leans, splinters and crashes overboard.

Jones looks for the colors of his enemy. Beneath the flagstaff, amidst fire and smoke, stands Captain Pearson himself, gathering the tattered banner. In a few moments he crosses to the *Bonhomme Richard*, gives up his sword without a word, and is escorted to Jones's cabin.

Jones takes from his pocket a small and exquisite timepiece, and kisses it devoutly. Then he scribbles a note to his beloved Duchesse: "the enemy surrendered at 35 minutes past 10 P.M. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

This note was one of the few things Jones took with him when he and his crew were forced to abandon the *Bonhomme Richard* next morning. He stood on the *Serapis* and watched his ship go "with inexpressible grief." She went bow foremost, with all sails set—slowly at first, and then slid sharply under. The wind caught her "beautiful ensign" and it streamed gallantly from the broken mast, then it too was lost in the waves.

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Sudden Death— by FIRE!

by HARRY HOMEWOOD

THE GROWLING SIREN of the fire truck moaned to a halt and the big red truck slowed as they saw a figure pointing at a house. The firemen riding the sides and back of the truck relaxed as their searching eyes failed to pick up a trace of smoke in the hot summer air. Then they stiffened.

Somewhere in the house she was screaming—screaming in a high quaver that grated across their nerves like a file. They left the truck running, their boots pounding across the neat lawn.

The big fireman in the lead, his coat streaming behind him, went up the steps and through the screen door without stopping to unlatch it. He followed the wailing in a blind rush that carried him through the house into the kitchen.

She was there, her screaming mouth a black hole in the bright torch of flame that wrapped her from the waist up. The fireman came out of his heavy rubber coat with practiced speed and bore her to the floor, rolling her expertly in the garment. They thrashed together for a moment and then he was on his knees with her body in his arms, struggling to his feet.

His mates jerked the wreckage of the screen door to one side as he came back through the house and out into the sunlight. He lumbered, clumsy in his boots, to a police car that had followed the fire truck and carefully bundled his burden into the back seat.

"Hospital," he gasped at the two patrolmen in the front seat. "Make it fast or we'll lose her!"

Back in the house, the lieutenant finished his inspection of the kitchen and turned to his sergeant.

"Show in the report," he said, "that the fire was confined to the person of the occupant of the house; also, that two soiled silk blouses were on the table and a dishpan with gasoline still in it is in the sink."

The sergeant scribbled rapidly. "Cause of fire?" he asked.

The lieutenant grunted. "Static electricity, generated by rinsing silk garments in gasoline, ignited the gasoline vapors. The resulting explosion touched off the vapors arising from the dishpan and enveloped

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the woman. Get the rest of the dope on her burns and condition from the hospital."

He looked around the well-appointed kitchen. "A modern stove, almost new refrigerator, garbage disposal," he ticked them off on his fingers. "She's got maybe $800 worth of appliances in this kitchen and she tries to save a dollar cleaning bill by using gasoline. How foolish can they get?"

Well—how foolish *can* they get? . . .

THE THUNDER OF THE big red trucks filled the winter night as they swung into a residential street in one of our Midwestern cities. The smoke was rolling out into the street, thick, yellow and heavy, a certain indication that the fire had made a lot of headway.

The men on the pumping engines dropped off in front of the house, dragging their 100-foot bundles of hose with them as the engine roared down the street to the nearest hydrant. The hook-and-ladder men swung into action almost before their rig stopped rolling, stripping the heavy ladders from the truck and racing to the house to "ventilate"—open the upper windows to relieve the smoke so the men with the hoses could get to the seat of the fire quickly.

The first man up the ladder deftly inserted the blade of his ax under the window and sprung it upward. Almost immediately, the smoke billowed out and he turned away, his yell sounding above the pulsing beat of the pumping engine.

"She's red on the second floor. Plenty red!"

The Chief deployed his forces swiftly. He sent laddermen racing to the roof to cut holes and form a natural draft for the fire; his second and third engines were ordered to lay additional hose into the house. Rescue-squad men, grotesque in their smoke masks, plunged through the killing smoke and heat in their ceaseless search for occupants.

They didn't find them soon enough. Heat and smoke had done their deadly work before the firemen stumbled across the bodies in the upper hall. But firemen don't quit, even when they know in their hearts that the victims are dead. They rushed them to the hospital, administering oxygen on the way, but the interne who listened carefully with his stethoscope scrawled the dread initials across the admission ticket of each. "D.O.A."—dead on arrival.

When the fire had died down, in the basement they found the bottom of a wooden bushel basket, its sides burned off. Around the basket they found the residue of water-soaked ashes. And from there they traced the course of the fire.

They found the spot against the coal bin where the basket had stood; the wood there was charred deeply. They traced the charring to the workbench adjoining the bin, where a blackened, empty paint can and a paint brush were eloquent evidence. They followed it across the workbench to a waterlogged mound of rubble under the stairs that led to the kitchen.

From there the fire had taken its natural course; up the stairways, preceded by the deadly heat that numbs resistance and blocks escape.

How foolish can we get? . . .

The average citizen will put aside a whole week end in the summer to

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clean and wax the family car, but he won't take an hour to clean his furnace. Spend $2 for a metal ash basket? Never! Not when wood baskets are to be had for the asking at the corner store!

We rail when the streets aren't kept clean, but we allow the space under the staircases to become a danger area choked with combustible trash and useless storage.

Ninety percent of all our fires are caused by carelessness. If the basements and attics were cleaned up and *kept* clean; the paint brushes and paint kept out of the house; the oily rags kept in covered metal containers; the oily dust mop hung by a string so that air circulates freely under it (more than one fire has originated spontaneously in the oil-soaked head of a dust mop); and the furnace ashes stored in metal baskets kept well away from wooden partitions, you and your children could sleep in your own home in safety.

THE GRAY-HAIRED CAPTAIN of a big city fire department sits easily in his chair in the lounge that opens off the apparatus room where his truck stands ready to roll. Listen as he fights old fires all over again.

"We rolled on first alarm one cold night during the holiday season, between Christmas and New Year's," he is saying. "It was one of those nights when the bell played a steady tattoo, and we knew that sooner or later our turn would come.

"The box was from the east corner of our district, all homes over there and nice people. It was pretty late at night and we made good time getting there.

"Red stuff belching out the upper windows and lots of smoke. When we pulled up, ready to work, we heard the thing that you'll come to dread in this business. There were children in the house!"

He stops and lights his pipe.

"You do what you can and then you do some more," he resumes. "They teach you in the Fire College how to go about making a rescue, but you haven't seen anything until you work a fire where kids are trapped inside. You go into smoke and flame you wouldn't get near for any money in the world, and you do it because they're kids and they're helpless. You let the fire go and try for the kids."

One of the younger men stirs in his chair. "Did you get them?"

"Did we get 'em? Yes. We got seven of them. Seven kids, the oldest only ten, and all of them dead! Mother and father were across the street at a neighbor's, exchanging season's greetings. Seven kids died, all because of a penny."

"What do you mean, because of a penny?" one of his men asks.

"A penny," the Captain repeats. "A penny back of a burned-out fuse in the fuse box in the basement.

"In this case, the man had put up a real nice Christmas tree for his seven kids. Lights all over it. But when he turned on the tree, the fuses blew out. So he went down and put some pennies back of the burned-out fuses, bypassing the safety factor the electrician had built into his electrical circuits.

"We don't know what they did after putting the kids to bed. Maybe they put on the electric coffee maker and made some toast with the toaster. Maybe the mother did some ironing. Perhaps they turned on the television or lit the tree and ad-

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mired the lights. Whatever it was, they put too heavy a strain on the electrical circuits.

"Then they went out, leaving the kids in bed. An hour, maybe two hours went by, and all the time the fire was burning inside the walls of the house. When it finally broke out, it broke out all over at once. The youngsters never had a chance."

He heaves himself out of his chair and walks over to the truck. "I've seen almost everything there is to see in the 30 years I've been in this business. I can put up with most of it: the long hours, the ice caked on me in the winter, the heartbreak of people who watch their life savings go up in smoke.

"But I can't stand kids burning up!" He kicks the tire of the truck savagely. "More than 11,000 people died in fires last year and at least 3,000 of them children! Most of it, if not all of it, caused by people's own carelessness.

"How foolish can they get?" . . .

Pretty foolish, Captain. To save a cleaning bill of less than a dollar, they will bring a gallon of gasoline into their home—a gallon of gasoline that can have the same explosive potential as 85 pounds of dynamite! Or they treasure a worn extension cord on an appliance until they have to wiggle the cord to make the appliance work.

They persist, Captain, in cleaning their paint brushes in the basement, near the furnace, and they leave oily paint rags in wooden cupboards or on the workbench to ignite spontaneously, hours later.

They save everything—and invariably store it under stairways or jammed into closets. Some of them are too "smart" to put pennies in back of burned-out fuses: *they* go out and buy heavier fuses and install them. The end result is the same—overloaded circuits and deadly fires.

If it's difficult for you to visualize the horrifying toll of death and destruction taken by fire every year in this country, try this:

Imagine a highway running from New York to Los Angeles. Now get in your car and drive that highway from end to end. Along one side of the road, on lots side by side from coast to coast, you will pass the smoking wreckage of homes and buildings destroyed or damaged by fire last year. And as your speedometer turns each dread mile, you will pass four charred bodies! They died at the rate of one every 48 minutes throughout 1952—by fire!

How foolish are *you?*

Hopeful Heritage

"I HOPE," said the girl's father impressively, "you realize that when you marry my daughter you will be getting a very big-hearted and generous girl."

"Oh, I do, sir," responded the fiancé fervently, "and I trust she has inherited those fine qualities from her father." —*Opportunity Magazine*

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Command Performance

by KATE SMITH

THE OLD COUPLE was proud. Years before, their son had left their Hungarian village to pursue the elusive rainbow of success. To find it, he had crossed an ocean. Soon his letters home were filled with news of the acclaim which American audiences gave to each song he composed.

For the old couple, this was a hollow happiness, for they had never heard the beautiful music written by their famous son.

"It goes like this," a neighbor, returned from America, would say, humming a few bars. "But I cannot do it justice. It is so beautiful, so magnificent. You must hear it played by a full orchestra to appreciate it."

Years passed, and it seemed to the old couple that this opportunity would never come. Then a letter arrived from America: the composer was coming home. Eagerly the old couple prepared the house for his arrival.

As soon as he entered his home, his parents led him to a piano. "Play us some of your music," his father said.

The young man shook his head gently. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not," he said. "I came home to rest."

Disappointment furrowed their faces. But rather than press their son, they were silent. They were silent next day when he announced he was going for a walk, and they quietly consented, that night at dinner, when he said he wanted them to accompany him on a trip into the city.

Their silence surrendered to puzzlement when he took them to a concert hall. And they were more confused when, after seating them in a box in the darkened theater, he left. In a moment the curtain rose, and there on the stage was a full orchestra. From the wings stepped the young composer.

He bowed and said: "I am happy to conduct this debut performance of my new music in my homeland."

For two hours, the orchestra swung from one to the next of the many songs the young man had written. In time, he was to compose more than 1,000 of the world's favorite melodies; those he conducted that night in Hungary were among his finest.

At last the concert ended. The composer turned to accept the applause. Amazingly, the bravos of only two people filled the vast auditorium! When the lights went up, the old couple saw that they were the only persons in the theater.

At first they were startled. Then their eyes filled with tears when they realized that their desire to hear an orchestra play music from the operettas *Rio Rita*, *The New Moon* and *The Student Prince* had inspired this unique command performance for the parents of the composer—Sigmund Romberg!

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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How You Can Stick to a Diet

by MORT WEISINGER

THE MOST DISCOURAGING war of all time is the eternal "Battle of the Bulge" being fought by America's 25,000,000 overweight men and women. Periodically these fat folk make attempts at girth control by going on Gandhi-like fasts.

They experiment with raw-vegetable-and-fruit diets, salt-free diets, banana-and-skim-milk diets, high-protein diets and numerous other fad menus devised by the nutritional experts. But in 85 out of 100 cases, such diet sprees are not followed through.

True, for a very small iron-willed minority, the new eating routines pay off. The practitioners shed an appreciable amount of excess weight and go around sporting new slenderized figures. But, according to case histories, the vast majority of dieters jump off the calorie wagon a week after D (for diet) Day.

Not, however, because they are tormented by hunger pangs or starvation fears. They simply do not know how to stick to a diet.

Because the average overweight person is extremely self-conscious of his condition, he has read widely on the subject and is well aware of the fact that he is Public Health Problem No. 1.

He knows that his excess fat makes him a poor surgical risk. He knows that overweight people are more likely to develop diabetes, diseases of the heart and arteries, high blood pressure and other serious ailments than people whose weight is normal.

He knows that insurance companies regard him as a poor risk because the longevity records prove that overweight men have death rates 50 per cent higher, and women 47 per cent higher, than normal-weight persons.

He knows, too, that with the exception of relatively rare glandular cases, overweight people are fat only because they eat too much of the *wrong* foods. He knows that rich pastries and alcoholic beverages increase the waistline and shorten the lifeline.

In short, the mechanics of weight control are quite familiar to the average overweight person. Doctors, dietitians and nutritionists

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have summed it up in a few simple sentences. All food substances contain a certain amount of calories. If a person leads a sedentary life, he or she should consume about 2,200 calories a day. If the intake exceeds that amount, the body will convert the surplus calories into layers of fatty tissue.

To reduce, a person must cut down on the number of calories consumed per day. Proper dieting, therefore, is the only safe and sane shortcut to a streamlined figure.

The late Mark Twain, in commenting about abstinence from smoking, once remarked: "To cease smoking is the easiest thing I ever did; I ought to know because I've done it a thousand times." The same philosophy is true of the average overweight individual. He's a chronic dieter. How many times have you heard him say: "My New Year's resolution is to go on a diet . . ." Or: "Next week's my birthday and from that day on, I'm going to watch my calories. . . ."

In most cases, he goes out and buys a loaf of gluten bread and a bottle of saccharine tablets. For two or three days he adheres to his diet with Spartan-like resolve. Then all of a sudden—poof! The austere, thinning foods seem abominable. He is unable to resist that craving for a second helping.

"What's the use of fighting nature?" he sighs. "I'll go off my diet just this once and start again tomorrow." Again and again he deviates "just this once" from his diet. The result is a tragic detour on the road to reduction.

Sticking to a diet need not be a grim ordeal of self-denial and frustration. In your campaign against calories, there is an arsenal of weapons, both physical and psychological, which you can use to thwart the enemy—appetite.

Consider the case of Mr. X, an overweight executive with a weakness for bread. Bread, as we all know, is abundant in calories. You would have to ride a bicycle furiously for one mile to wear off the calories contained in one biscuit.

When Mr. X's doctor prescribed a diet which included for dinner a glass of tomato juice, a medium-sized portion of broiled lean meat, two green vegetables, a salad, black coffee and an apple for dessert, he balked at the menu.

"What's a meal without bread?" he snorted. "If I don't eat bread, how can I feel satisfied?"

But his doctor, wise to the ways of the weighty, gave him some valuable advice. "Tonight, when you start on your diet," he suggested, "begin the meal by eating the apple *first*. Then eat the salad. Next, the two green vegetables. I promise you that by the time you're ready for the meat course, you won't want to eat bread."

The strategy worked, for obvious reasons. By stoking the stomach with the bulky items during the preliminary stages of the meal, Mr. X succeeded in jading his appetite. By the time he was ready for his steak, he was feeling "stuffed." This artificial "gorging" aborted his desire for bread. Today, thanks to sticking to this reverse-eating procedure for several months, Mr. X is minus many superfluous pounds.

If you are overweight, remember that vegetables can be one of your most powerful allies in the fight against fat. Although low in caloric

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A Handy Chart for the Calory-Conscious

This list of 42 common food items, along with their approximate caloric values, will serve as a handy reference guide and a daily reminder for anyone who wants to stick to a diet.

Low Count		High Count	
Beverages			
coffee, tea, plain	0	milk, cup	165
tomato juice, cup	50	cocoa, cup	235
cola drinks, 6 oz.	60	orange juice, cup	125
Vegetables			
cabbage, cup	40	canned corn, cup	170
carrots, cup	45	lima beans, cup	200
spinach, cup	45	peas, cup	135
Dairy Products			
buttermilk, one glass	85	2 scrambled eggs	245
cottage cheese, ⅓ cup	75	cream, 1 tbls. heavy	60
poached, boiled, raw egg	70	butter, one tbls.	100
Meats			
beef liver, 1 slice	100	hamburger, 1	150
frankfurter, 1	100	pork chop	285
lean bacon, 1 strip	30	av. serving chicken	200
roast lamb, 1 slice	100	1 veal cutlet, breaded	280
Fish			
whitefish	100	halibut steak	225
flounder, 4 oz.	90	broiled filet of haddock	230
Fruits			
berries, cup	80	applesauce, 1 cup	180
grapefruit, ½	85	avocado, ½	250
peach, 1	50	raisins, 1 cup	430
Desserts			
gelatin, ½ cup	65	chocolate sundae	425
fruit, pound, sponge cake, one slice	115	piece apple pie	250
custard, ½ cup	140	chocolate layer cake with icing, 1 slice	400

content, they rate high in essential vitamins and minerals. Most important, however, their bulk will help to keep your stomach happy during those precarious hours between meals.

The average dieter, however, revolts at the bill of fare featuring vegetables other than the fattening potato or corn-on-the-cob. He shudders at the thought of such starchless items like spinach, cabbage and string beans.

The trick, then, is to seduce the stomach with culinary tricks. This can be achieved via skillful seasoning and flavoring. By the judicious use of spices, onions, chives, garlic,

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horseradish, mint and parsley, bland vegetables can be transformed into epicurean treats.

If string beans leave you cold, try eating them with a few dabs of chopped onion. Pickled beets and cucumbers will do wonders for your taste buds. Spinach, mixed with a chopped hardboiled egg, is another appetite-whetter.

You can also accomplish gastronomical wonders by an imaginative mixing of vegetables. White turnips may be diced with their own chopped leaves. Celery, stewed gently and quickly in a bit of skim milk, then flavored with its own leaves and a breath of onion, is another delight. Take a tip from the Chinese who, with their ancient civilization, have developed this technique of vegetable combination to the *nth* degree.

And don't fall into the trap of limiting your selection of vegetables to the seven or eight popular types served in most homes. Their repetition can be fatal to your resolution to stick to your diet. To avoid the danger of dietary monotony, explore the endless varieties of the garden: leeks, pimiento, eggplant, okra, parsnips, mushrooms, pumpkin, kohlrabi, sauerkraut, peppers, chard and sorrel.

According to psychiatrists, the majority of heavy-weights overeat, not because of hunger, but because they derive a sensuous pleasure from going through the mechanics of feeding themselves. When these people attempt to adhere to a diet, the short duration of a rationed meal causes them agony.

Here again, there are ways to cheat the appetite. The trick is to begin your meal with a bowl of some low-caloric soup, like consommé, but served *piping hot*. To prolong the ritual of eating, drink it with a teaspoon instead of a tablespoon.

This method elongates the period of the meal (the scalding broth prevents the dieter from gulping it) and gives the stomach nonfattening content. The diner is happy because it helps stretch out his eating time to almost marathon duration.

The curse of a capsule meal can also be lifted by strategic carving. The dieter who is limited to one slice of bread per meal should divide it into four quarters. This gives him the feeling that he has access to four slices of bread. The same technique can be adopted with meats and cheeses. Rather than thick portions, serve thin, quartered segments, and you create the illusion of a larger serving.

Waterloo for many a dieter is the daily luncheon hurdle. Because most office workers rarely eat alone, having to sit opposite someone who can order with immunity all the rich, forbidden foods that you must avoid is a frustrating experience.

One New York advertising president solved this problem by seeking out a fellow executive who was also overweight. On the theory that misery loves company, the two arranged to meet together daily for a low-caloric lunch. It was a case of the blind leading the blind, but today both these men are much thinner.

Between-meal snacks comprise another disastrous habit that most dieters find difficult to shake off. A small bowl of low-caloric fruits at your elbow is the answer. Apples, oranges, pineapple, grapefruit and pears can't wreak much havoc with

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your waistline, if they are consumed in moderate quantities.

In the summer, cantaloupe makes an excellent in-between-meal treat and is ridiculously low in calories. But beware of bananas, dates and apricots—they are weight makers.

Mightiest weapon in your fight against fat is a good doctor's scale, which should be kept in your bathroom. Get in the habit of weighing yourself at the same time every morning, clad in nothing but underwear. Many a dieter becomes discouraged when, after two weeks of grim self-denial, his friends tell him: "I can't say that you've lost any weight. To be quite honest, you look the same to me."

Your friends can't appreciate your weight-shedding sacrifices because they see you every day. But that cold, mechanical scale is honest. If you have been sticking to your diet, its dial will inevitably point more and more to the left. This is a morale stimulus that will make you want to continue to stint on calories.

The price of a good figure is eternal vigilance, even after you have slimmed by dieting. Says Dr. Haynes H. Fellows: "The obese patient must realize that he or she has a lifetime problem. He can't reduce and forget it. He has to keep it in mind and do something about it—at least to the extent of not overeating—for the rest of his life."

Does this mean you are doomed to a life of abstinence from all your favorite foods? No. After you have come down to your desired weight, there is one easy way you can enjoy many of your pet dishes and not have to pay for the privilege. That is by improving your calorie I. Q.

For example, do you like ice cream? Then always order strawberry, a cup of which contains only 187 calories in contrast with chocolate, which has 222 calories. You want to eat potatoes? All right—but bear in mind that a medium-sized baked potato contains about 100 calories, while that same potato, mashed with milk and butter, rates at least 120, and may go as high as 135 calories.

If you must eat bread, remember that one slice of whole-wheat contains only 55 calories, whereas white bread contains 63 and Boston brown bread 105.

Similarly, when you are at a party and can't ignore the trays heaped with different varieties of nuts, knowing the true calorie score will help keep your weight down. You should take advantage of the fact that six pecans contain 100 calories, six almonds about 50. Nibble on peanuts, ten of which contain only 50 calories.

You can even play this game with alcoholic beverages, always substituting the calorie-cheap drink for the richer one. What'll you have—a Martini, a Tom Collins, a Manhattan, a daiquiri or an old-fashioned? If you are afraid of fat, always order an extra dry Martini, which is lowest in caloric content, about 115 calories.

Noteworthy

Character is like a rifle; it cannot shoot higher than it is aimed.

—*Weekly Animator*

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THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS CENSORS

by THEODORE F. KOOP

Invisible ink led to the execution of a talented Nazi spy

AS IMPASSIVE as the priest at his side, Heinz August Luning walked through ancient Principe Fortress on a Havana hilltop. Behind him marched a squad of Cuban soldiers, rifles on their shoulders.

When the procession came out into the bright morning sunshine at the long-dried south moat, Luning paused to kiss a crucifix which the priest held toward him. Then he stepped to a post used for target practice. His bulky body hid the bullet-riddled wood, and his blue sport shirt, open at the throat, was a perfect mark for the eight infantrymen.

A blindfold was brought, but Luning waved it away again and stared straight ahead as the soldiers raised their guns to position. Then came the command: "Fire!"

For the first time in the Republic of Cuba's turbulent history, a man had been executed as a foreign spy. A military court in a secret, seven-hour hearing had convicted him of sending the Nazis vital information about Allied shipping.

Luning, the judges were told, had been trained as an espionage agent in the Nazis' Hamburg spy school. He had come to Havana with a Honduran passport, obtained by a bribe of 5,000 marks, and in the guise of a merchant had opened a women's dress shop. He was arrested just as he was completing a powerful wireless transmitting set.

Luning, alias Enrique Luni, had been a grave threat to the United Nations. For this was November 10, 1942. American soldiers were making their first land contact with

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Nazi troops in North Africa. The Atlantic and the Caribbean were filled with American and British supply ships. And the seas were filled, too, with German U-boats, picking off Allied freighters with distressing regularity.

How this Nazi agent had been run to earth typifies the thoroughness and perseverance with which the Allies waged a silent war behind the battle lines. It is the story of the achievements of American and British censors, those patient, alert and often maligned patriots.

THE CENSORSHIP TRAIL to Luning and his hidden transmitter started in Bermuda where 1,200 British postal censors, since September, 1939, had been diligently reading the international mails which crossed the Atlantic by plane or ship.

It was a tedious operation. First the letters, mailbag after mailbag of them, had to be sorted and the sender's name and that of the addressee checked against a list of suspicious persons, known as the "watch list." Sometimes that process alone turned up an important communication, but a first-class spy could not be expected to place his real name and address on the envelope. Nor was he likely to send all his reports to the same address, which in any event would be "a mail drop"—that is, an intermediary for forwarding to the enemy.

Each letter required the closest scrutiny. Did it contain news of value to the enemy? Did it mean literally what it said, or did the sentences seem to be double talk? These and a dozen other questions presented themselves to the censor as he read page after page of mail.

Into the Bermuda laboratory in November, 1941, went a business letter from Havana to Lisbon, Portugal. In outward appearance and content, it resembled the myriad communications which accompanied it. And the signature, "R. Castillo," was as Spanish as the words of the letter itself. For some reason which he could not define even to himself, the censor included that letter in the bunch to be given routine chemical tests.

When the chemist had finished, this letter suddenly lost its ordinary character. Between the lines of stilted business phraseology appeared, as if by magic, another message—in invisible ink. This was no innocuous business note; it told of ships loading in Havana harbor and of an airfield being constructed. It had a vague reference to a radio.

In one corner was written "No. 3." The third of a series? That was the logical conclusion.

Here was a find of obvious importance. Every precaution must be taken to insure that the next letter in the sequence did not slip through unnoticed. The names of sender and addressee were placed on the watch list, and photographs of the envelope and its distinctive handwriting were passed around to the girls and women who sorted the incoming letters. It was up to them to

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During World War II, Iowa-born Theodore Koop was assistant director of the Office of Censorship and also in charge of voluntary press censorship. Formerly an Associated Press editor, Koop entered the magazine field in Washington, D. C., shortly before the war and returned to it after the Office of Censorship was discontinued.

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spot future correspondence from the same person, no matter what names might appear.

A big job? Big, but not unusual for the well-trained, keen-eyed sorters. No one was particularly surprised when, a few days later, a sorter flipped aside a Havana-to-Lisbon envelope. The names were different, but the handwriting was unmistakably that of "R. Castillo."

A quick application of chemicals, and there in the corner popped up "No. 4." Below was a long message in disappearing ink, telling more about ship movements, and a request to write "by Lopez or by my consul general here." At the bottom, still in secret ink, was the signature, "Rafael Castillo."

The pattern was beginning to develop, but more information was needed before intelligence officers could make progress. Any number of men in Havana might answer to the name of Rafael Castillo, even assuming that it was the writer's real one, and the letters contained no other specific clues.

As each message was received and the invisible ink brought into the open, the censor compared it with previous correspondence, noting three points:

The business discussed was vague and never reached a conclusion.

A closing line sending love to "Mammy and Hunky" was out of character.

The firm to which one of the letters was addressed was owned by a known German agent.

By this time the U. S. was at war, so the Bermuda censors immediately gave their new American colleagues the details about "Rafael Castillo." Soon the case took an important turn. One vital item which intelligence had been seeking—the real Havana address of "Rafael Castillo"—was found in a secret-ink message.

The letter said that communications could be sent in care of Emilio Perez at an address on Teniente Rey, Havana. It added a cautionary note: "But a girl must write. Get it? He (Perez) has no idea."

HERE was new material to be placed on the watch lists maintained by American and British censorships. A letter to the Havana address would be a real prize, for it would create a record of two-way communication and might give confirmation of the belief that Castillo was a Nazi agent.

The reply was not long in coming. In fact, there were two replies. Both were addressed to Enrique Augusto Luni at the Teniente Rey street number. This was the first time Luni had been mentioned.

One letter, picked up at the New York censorship station, was postmarked Gijon, Spain. Superficially it was from a Spanish girl who missed her Enrique very much.

"I have only received from you a little postal card from Cuba with your address," it read. "I have to assure you that it is too little, don't you think so? You know how much I love you and will not forget what I swore to you the last night in the garden; that I'll never forget you!"

Between the lines, however, the censors found an invisible ink message headed "No. 1." There was an inquiry about "a self-constructed instrument." A promise was included to send Luni $1,000, with the transaction disguised in such a

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way as to represent part payment of a legacy.

Once Luni's name came into the case, the censors made a careful check of records to learn whether he had aroused interest elsewhere. The cable censors promptly produced some messages concerning funds for Luni in a South American bank. Was this the "legacy" mentioned in the letter from Europe? It seemed likely.

Luni's reports continued through the early summer of 1942, then came letter "No. 48." The cover message, ostensibly a business note, as always, said that he "agreed to the proposal to suspend commercial operations immediately."

Ever since Luni's address had appeared in the correspondence, Cuban authorities had kept the house under surveillance. Perhaps Luni had become aware of the watch and for that reason was going to cease "commercial operations."

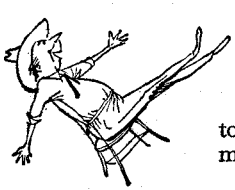
On September 5, police unobtrusively walked down Teniente Rey, which extends from Havana's harbor to the magnificent Capitol, and surrounded Emilio Perez' rooming house. They were satisfied that Perez himself was innocent, so they went to Luni's room on the second floor.

A knock brought Luni, or Luning, to the door. He made no resistance as the officers placed him under arrest and searched his room. They found many letters and other documents which subsequently enabled them to trace other Nazi hirelings in Latin America, but their principal interest lay in the radio apparatus on a corner table. Luning, acknowledging his real name, insisted it had not been in shape to operate.

After his dress shop was searched, Luning was taken to headquarters, where he answered questions freely. He was born in Honduras 32 years before, he said; his father was a German and his mother an Italian. He spoke several languages and had lived throughout Europe and Central America.

Luning's trial quickly followed, and on November 9 he was told formally that he had only a few hours to live. Calmly he went to his cell for the night—to play parcheesi and write to his wife and eight-year-old son in Hamburg. The letter began, "Dear Mammy and Hunky," and the mystery about those names was solved. . . .

Without minimizing the achievements of the intelligence agencies, it is no overstatement to say that Luning was sent to his death by the keen-eyed sorters and the persevering chemists who, behind the locked doors of censorship stations, served their countries during World War II in silence and anonymity.



Too Free Enterprise

FREE ENTERPRISE gives everybody a chance to get to the top. Some people, however, depend too much on the free and not enough on the enterprise.

—Isolopics

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There's No Need to Be Lonely

by CLARA BELLE AND WILL THOMPSON

Taking attention away from yourself is the surest way of finding new friends and new interests in your everyday life

CAN PEOPLE DO anything to keep from being lonely? They can indeed. No one has to depend on others to take pity on his plight and introduce him around. For not only can loneliness be cured, but the individual himself is the one who does the curing.

For six months, we have talked to hundreds of people, both to those who were lonely and to those who had conquered loneliness. And we have learned two vital things.

First, *loneliness is no respecter of age.* There are young people who seem to have every advantage in life and yet are unutterably lonely. There are the middle-aged, poor and rich, well and ill, traveled and stay-at-home, who feel they haven't a person in the world to call a friend. Then there are the old, whose loneliness may seem more understandable but is no less terrible.

Second, *loneliness is never overcome by chance—but by an effort of the will.* It's a question of saying: "I'm going to take measures *myself.*"

The big thing is to make some kind of plan, the nature of the plan depending on your temperament. But all plans are alike in *taking attention away from yourself.* Here are several that have been evolved by the *formerly* lonely:

1. *Think of the one thing in the world that you would like to do—then, as nearly as possible, do it.*

An Eastern businessman, middle-aged, mildly successful, had always longed to see France. One day he decided: "Well, since I can't afford to go, I can at least learn about France from others." Today he is a friend of the local French consul, has met many French persons, and has a closer feeling for France than most people who actually go there.

Another businessman, retired, had always been interested in stained-glass windows, so he read books, visited local churches, and talked to caretakers. Not long ago, when we attended his lecture on stained-glass windows, we were listening to an authority whose life would always be busy and full.

2. *Find a need in someone else's life and try to supply it.*

We know a widow, frantic with loneliness, who snapped out of de-

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spondence by using this method. This woman lost both her sons in the war; and then her husband died just after they had moved to a new city. She asked the pastor of her church for the names of a dozen members too old to go out much.

With these names, she made up a regular schedule of visiting. Soon she was highly important to a number of people and loved by all. Today, home after home welcomes her with delight.

3. *Dramatize your interests.*

Frank R ——, a young engineer, was doomed by illness to the second floor of his home, became indefatigable in radio contests and quiz shows. And for outside diversion: binoculars. With his glasses he could watch people walking by, see cars coming, overlook his flower and vegetable gardens. From his easy chair, he manages to lead a very busy life.

And what about people past 70? Club meetings have become major events for some oldsters we know. They meet every other week, and each one reports on unusual experiences since the last session.

4. *Feel actively friendly toward people in general.*

A young woman, visiting in France, stopped at an American soldiers' cemetery. Among a number of graves with flowers on them, one alone was bare. So she bought a wreath, and later learned the family address. When she returned to America, she wrote a letter.

From the soldier's sister came not only an appreciative answer but a little gift. Today, the young woman—without a relative in the world—has become a part of the soldier's family, and is quite happy about it.

5. *Do something.*

Even in fresh grief, loneliness can be handled by action. A Boston girl whose fiancé had been killed found concentration the antidote for loneliness. For two years, she lived in a little room with her piano and books. Her family and friends were in a distant city. But when she sat down at the piano, she was in another world, unconscious of people or the lack of them.

"I know now that I need never be lonely again," she said.

But what of the people who are *loneliness-prone* — those who have either an innate or acquired tendency toward loneliness? They can do *everything*, beginning with the day they determine to do *something*.

A St. Louis girl had grown too rapidly. At 16, she was five feet ten, and withdrawing more and more into herself. Her mother was dead, so she stayed at home with her father, except during her business hours as a stenographer. Then the father died, and she was alone.

At 27, almost a recluse, she drafted a program for curing herself. She wanted friends and a social life of her own, so her first step was to move to the Y.W.C.A. When asked if she would room alone or with someone, she answered: "Alone, of course."

But a day or two later, recognizing that decision as a retreat from others, she went back and said: "I'd like a roommate, please."

Today, she is a sympathetic and delightful person, who listens so well to others that she makes friends all the time.

So far, we have assumed loneliness. But perhaps you have never been lonely yourself. Then all the

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more reason for you to give a lonely person a hand.

Lonely people can generally be recognized. They may be silent in youth, but as they grow older they often become crabbed or boastful. The tragic fact is, it is easy to leave such people severely alone. Yet when you crack the shell, you are often as much rewarded as they are.

A man rode up and down daily with a surly elevator operator. Any question was met with a grunt. One day he decided he would make the operator talk. Before he went home that evening the elevator man had invited him to go fishing. Each found in the other a person with the same liking for outdoor life.

A San Francisco girl in her thirties had a bookkeeping job that helped her retreat into herself. Off in a cubbyhole all day, at night she went home to her room. A customer of her firm, moved by a kind impulse, said: "Would you like to help me at my youth camp for a couple of weeks?"

For those two weeks, she was involved with people so much younger than herself that she had to plan, arrange and advise. She was the important person with all the answers. Today, she is a well-known consultant on youth activities, and one of the busiest people imaginable.

Thomas Wolfe, the famous novelist, once said that everyone was lonely, and he himself the loneliest of all. But we do not believe that anyone is doomed to loneliness—for loneliness *can* be cured. And the cure, no matter how drastic or how long it takes, is worth all the effort—if your goal is a happy and well-rounded life.

Oh Man!

A MAN'S LIFE is full of trouble. He comes into the world without his consent and goes out usually against his will, and the trip between his coming and going is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this journey.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; but when he is big, only little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he's said to be a bad manager; if he's rich, they'll claim he's dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everybody wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics, they say he takes graft; if he's out of politics, he's not patriotic. If he gives to charity, it's for show. If he doesn't, he's a stingy cuss. When he's actively religious, some will say he's a hypocrite; if he doesn't take a deep interest in religion, they'll call him a hardened sinner.

If he gives affection, he's a soft specimen; if he cares for nobody, he's cold blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future for him. If he lives to be old, he missed his calling.

If he saves money, he's a grouch; if he spends it, he's a squanderer. If he works very hard, they say he's crazy; if he doesn't work, he's a bum . . . so what's the use?

—*Trailer Talk*

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THE CHOIR was learning a new hymn. "Now, don't forget," said the choirmaster, "wait until the tenors reach 'the gates of Hell,' then you all come in." —*California Farmer*

AN OLD MINER, driving an efficiency expert through the snow and cold, spread a buffalo robe over their knees.

"You ought to turn the hair inside," said the efficiency expert. "Don't you know it's a great deal warmer to have the hair next to your body?"

The old man obeyed, and tried to suppress a chuckle.

"What are you laughing about?" asked the expert.

"I was thinking of the poor buffalo," said the miner. "What a fool he was all his life not to know a simple thing like that." —*Copper's Weekly*

"I HOPE," said the belatedly-departing guest, "that I haven't kept you out of bed."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the host. "We should have been getting out soon in any case." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

DURING A FIRE in the night, the tenants of an apartment hotel rushed into the street with their most prized possessions. One woman noticed that the gentleman who lived directly above her was carrying a large covered bird cage.

"What have you there?" she asked curiously.

"That's my pet rooster," answered the man.

The woman gasped and fainted. When she was revived, she told her anxious neighbor, "I'm sorry I fainted, but you see, I've been under treatment by a psychiatrist for the past year because I kept hearing a rooster crowing!"

A YOUTHFUL AIR FORCE pilot landed his fighter after a mission north of the 38th Parallel and went in to make his report to his commanding officer.

"Were you nervous?" inquired the C.O.

"Who? Me?" asked the pilot. "No sir, I was cool as a cucumber through the whole show."

"Swell," replied the C.O. "I just thought you might have been a little jittery when you radioed that 15,000 enemy jets were coming in at eight feet." —*Tracks*

TWO GIRLS MET in the sports section of a bookstore. "What in the world are you doing in the sports division?" asked one.

"Oh, I'm trying to learn something about deep-sea fishing. Tom's crazy about it. Don't you ever try to learn more about the things that interest Jack?"

"I don't have to," said the other girl sweetly. "Because Jack's interested in *me*." —FRANCES RODMAN

TV ACTOR FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, on a short train trip, seated himself beside an elderly gentleman and absentmindedly chewed gum in vig-

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orous fashion as the train left the station. After a few minutes, the old gentleman leaned toward him and said: "Nice of you to try to make conversation. But don't bother, please. I'm totally deaf." —PAUL DENIS

"WHERE'S THAT pretty blonde who was passing the cocktails a minute ago?" asked a harassed lady guest.

"Looking for a drink?" the host inquired helpfully.

"No," replied the lady, "I'm looking for my husband." —*Philnews*

"JUST LOOK AT YOURSELF!" little Johnny's mother exclaimed. "Your eye is bruised, your face scratched and your shirt torn to ribbons. How many times have I told you not to play with that boy next door?"

"Really, Mother," Johnny answered mildly, "do I look as if we've been playing?" —EVELYN NAWN

A CUSTOMER COMPLAINED that the new barber was driving him crazy with his incessant chatter.

The proprietor observed mildly, "According to the Constitution of the United States, he's got a right to talk."

"That may be," admitted the customer, "but the United States has a Constitution that can stand it. Mine can't." —*Louisville Courier-Journal*

AFTER A LENGTHY CONFERENCE with the estranged husband, the wife's lawyer reported to his client with a self-satisfied air, "I have succeeded in making a settlement with your husband that is eminently fair to both of you."

"Fair to both!" cried the wife in disgust. "I could have done that myself! What do you think I hired a lawyer for?" —*Wall Street Journal*

"HELP! MURDER!" yelled a man being attacked and beaten on a street in Berlin's Soviet sector.

An MVD agent came running up to him and said sternly: "You are forbidden to discuss politics in public!" —LASZLO FODOR *Stalin's Lie* (Picturight, Inc.)

A NEIGHBOR BENT OVER the carriage and remarked to the new father, "My, what a lovely little girl. I'll bet you wouldn't take a million dollars for her?"

"That all depends," he replied, "on what time of the night you make the offer." —O. A. BATTISTA

"DO YOU MIND telling me," asked the prospective buyer, "just why you are selling this new house?"

"Not at all," replied the owner. "I have to sell it to pay the contractor who built it." —*Christian Science Monitor*

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Marital Vacations Keep Love Alive

by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

Separate holidays can prevent staleness and boredom, deadly enemies of marriage

BOREDOM IS NOT a legal ground for divorce. Yet it is at once the most common and the most lethal poison to which marital happiness is exposed, since it supplies the conditions in which overt reasons for divorce take root and flourish.

Adultery? Triangles are a remote danger in any marriage that hasn't lapsed into dull routine. Cruelty? Often the specific evidence presented for a divorce indicates that weary endurance has betrayed the bored partner into outrageous behavior. Incompatibility? In the majority of cases, this is strictly the legal word for admitting that a marriage has become so appallingly drab that one or both partners have revolted.

Take, for example, the recent case of a couple whom I shall call Polly and Walt. They had separated and agreed to be divorced after the year apart that their state stipulates as grounds for divorce. The dividing of their ways lacked drama. It was simply that in 12 years together, they had unconsciously narrowed their social life, become totally dependent upon each other, surrendered their individuality, and arrived at a dead level of boredom against which they finally rebelled.

Then, in the seventh month of their separation, they lunched together one Saturday to discuss a business matter. For the first time in a decade, Polly was really appreciating Walt's company, and Walt was noticing how well Polly looked in green.

When they had finished business matters and were unaccountably lingering over coffee, they began speculating on the occupations and backgrounds of the strangers surrounding them in the restaurant—a form of fun they had delighted in from a park bench years ago, when they couldn't afford to dine out.

The winter day was sharp and bright when they left the restaurant, but Polly told Walt not to hail a cab. "I've taken to walking again," she explained.

He nodded and started off afoot with her. "Remember the summer

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we took that walking trip in New England? It was the only kind of vacation we could afford."

"And the best one we ever had," Polly replied. "We used to love to walk, but after we got the car, we never seemed to have time for it."

"Well, the other people we knew didn't care for walking either."

Five blocks brought them to an art center which they hadn't visited in the last three years. "Let's see what's on in the current exhibit," Walt suggested.

For an hour they looked at pictures and disagreed happily over them. Suddenly Polly asked, "Walt, why did we quit coming here?"

"Same reason we quit other things, I suppose. We changed our activities to meet those of the little crowd we went around with."

"Walt, don't you suppose we could come back together and keep everything wonderful and special, the way it used to be, if every so often—maybe once a year—we got apart for enough time to take a good look at our marriage and ourselves and to want terribly to be together again?"

Polly and Walt learned—the hard way—a truth which, had they known it before, might have saved them, as it has saved thousands of other couples, considerable anguish of mind, heart and soul. They learned that marital vacations are love insurance.

Marriage is essentially the supreme adventure in sharing. And the sharing can be inspiring or boring, depending upon what you offer to be shared. To make marriage an ever freshly rewarding experience, both partners must constantly enrich the store of interests to be shared. For this, they need occasionally to go their individual ways, to acquire new ideas, friends and pleasures.

Annual marital vacations are the most direct means of discovering and developing the fresh interests that prevent marriage from imperceptibly languishing into a passively accepted state, against which sooner or later comes dangerous and even disastrous protest.

IN MANY WAYS the health of a marriage is like bodily health. The sudden troubles are the easiest to cure. But the marriage that is being slowly and insidiously smothered through lack of fresh interests is another matter.

Its earliest symptoms are almost imperceptible—just such little things as the perfunctory kiss, dispirited conversation, gray sameness in interests, creeping reluctance at bringing into your life new people, a lack of zestful ideas to be shared.

Consider Barbara and Roy. For 20 years they seemed determined to smother all sparkle from their marriage. They prided themselves upon being inseparable. Roy always went along when Barbara visited her folks, and she accompanied Roy when he went to see his relatives. If Roy had to go to the city on business, Barbara went, too.

"It gives me a chance to shop while Roy is busy, and then we can be together in the evenings," she would explain.

Occasionally a bystander would wonder audibly if their unvarying duet-style play grew from fear of being tempted from the straight and narrow path of marital fidelity. Someone present was always blunt

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enough to observe, "Nobody else would look at either of them!"

There was a good deal behind this unkind remark. Both Barbara and Roy had lost all traces of the personality that invites even harmless overtures from another man or woman. They were simply a dull couple on a social treadmill with a dozen other dull couples.

Roy had his first suspicion of this the day two old college classmates looked him up as they drove through town on their way to two weeks of hunting in Minnesota. They had to stay overnight in town and they talked Roy into a "stag" threesome for the evening, despite Barbara's eager insistence that she would just love to prepare a special dinner for all of them at home.

Next day Roy didn't quite know what had hit him. Seeing two perfectly happily married men on their way to a wonderful wifeless vacation, he groped a little for his own lost individuality. He remembered snatches of conversations he had had with strangers in club cars in his bachelor days. Alone, you ran into all kinds of people in all kinds of occupations! Roy wondered if he could still strike up conversations with strangers.

And he began to think about that summer when he was a strapping teen-age kid and had worked on a river barge. Then later, he had promised himself a trip on a tramp steamer. But of course, Barbara wouldn't like such a voyage.

Well, suppose she wouldn't? Other men took vacations without their wives, didn't they? He had just seen two of them on their way. Roy brought things to a climax by proposing that Barbara go for a long visit to her family and he take a freighter cruise to South America.

Barbara's consent arose from helpless dismay, rather than intelligent understanding. She was certain the course they were following could be only a prelude to permanent separation and divorce. But she was mistaken.

At first, Roy's letters were unemotional little reports. But soon they expanded into companionable chats that described the colorful places he was seeing and introduced flavorful personalities. Gradually they developed into love letters that told Barbara how much he missed her and how glad he would be to get home.

Today, the reblossoming of their romance has done wonders for Barbara's morale and appearance. The certainty that her husband's love for her is a positive emotion, not a bored habit, has given her a poise, serenity and charm she never previously had.

FOR MANY A WOMAN, self-doubt is the aftermath of the morning good-by kiss. Her husband's off for a full day of business or professional contacts with people, most of whom she never sees and only a very few of whom she meets in dinner-table anecdotes. She'll be staying home—or perhaps having some daytime fun with women she already knows well. Would she be able to meet new people the easy way her husband does? Can she, indeed, hold her own against these workaday activities and personalities?

I know another couple that always remind me of a pair of cardinals. Bob, like the male cardinal, is handsome and admired. Mary, who

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writes witty verse, is modest in appearance. As a popular professor in a large co-educational college, Bob is lionized by students and by women's clubs before whom he lectures.

Annually, several beautiful coeds fancy themselves desperately in love with him. But Mary is humorously unperturbed by these crushes, and always seems to be superbly confident of Bob's true devotion. Recently, she told me how she maintains this self-assurance in the face of what appears to be formidable competition.

"Our first year on campus, I didn't take calmly the adulation that Bob gets," she related. "When I saw those gorgeous creatures giving my husband their rapt attention, and then took a good, honest look at myself in the mirror, I knew I'd have to resort to some builder-upper tonic. That's when I hit upon the idea of my February vacation."

Every February, Mary takes a plane for New York, where she visits her sister who has a wide circle of interesting friends. These friends are keenly appreciative of Mary's subtle wit and wisdom.

"Their attention goes right to my head and makes me conceited and cocky," she says gayly. "When I'm sure I've had a sufficient charge of self-esteem to scoff at the thought of any 18-year-old winning Bob's affections, I come home and enjoy the show. And Bob's always pretty relieved to have me in sight again."

Frequently, the difference between a mediocre and a brilliant career in a business or profession can be explained by the stimulation that comes in the hours spent away from the scene of one's vocation. Ten years ago, Bill and Sam were equally promising personnel workers. One summer, both were sent by their corporation to take special short courses in personnel work at the state university.

Bill went alone and his wife spent the time at a lake resort. Sam was married to a sprig of human ivy who accompanied him everywhere. Each day when regular meetings were finished, Bill joined other men and women working in his field for a social evening, while Sam hurried back to his hotel to take his wife out to dinner.

Sam probably learned just as much from the lectures as Bill did, but he wasn't in on the informal give-and-take sessions. Sam didn't profit much from the course. It was Bill who brought back new policies and ideas that were important to the firm. And the success of these ideas was what started him on the way to his present position as the company's vice-president in charge of labor relations.

MARRIED PEOPLE are so customarily treated as a couple that they often no longer know whether they have the capacity for individual social initiative. Mr. and Mrs. entertain as a couple and are invited as a couple—until they can sometimes even wonder if they are liked individually. A separate vacation will give them an opportunity to examine their personalities and find out if these have thrived or withered during their partnership.

If you are feeling that marriage has swallowed your individuality, why not experiment with at least an evening apart? A husband and wife *can* go out to dinner in different places. Or one can go out with

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friends and the other can entertain at a home party.

A stronger remedy for marital doldrums is the solo week-end trip. But the real boredom preventive is the two-week separate vacation.

Are you shaking your head and saying, "It wouldn't work for us?" Well, before you unequivocally veto the idea, you might ask yourself why you would not attempt a vacation without your marriage partner. Be fair and list all the reasons.

You may jot down one that works out something like this: "Too used to each other to try having a good time alone." And that means you would do well to pack luggage and make reservations for one—at once.

The effects of a couple of weeks apart will probably make both of you mean it fervently when you say, "I'm so glad I married *you*!" For at last you will have learned that marital vacations are not only a source of new fun and inspiration, but are also a sure method for keeping romance and love alive.

Whistle Talk

TRAIN WHISTLES are never blown "just for fun." Every time a locomotive engineer sounds his whistle, says the Association of American Railroads, he is saying something definite and important.

Some signals are a combination of long and short blasts. The most common of these is two longs, a short and a long. This is a warning to pedestrians and cars—"I am approaching the grade crossing. Wait! Let me go by."

Three short toots and one long blast tell the flagman to protect the front of the train. If the signal is reversed to one long and three short it tells him to protect the rear.

In case the amount of traffic requires the operation of two or more sections of a train, the engineer will blow one long blast and two short ones to call to the attention of other trains and employees along the way that another section is following.

Some signals are made up of all short toots. One short means: "The train is stopping." Two shorts is always an answer to any signal not otherwise provided for. Three shorts when the train is standing still means—"I'm going to back up." Four shorts is the "call for signals," requesting instructions. A series of short rapid whistles is a warning—"Get off the track."

Other signals are made up of all long blasts. One long notifies the crew that the train is approaching a station or railroad crossing. Two long blasts mean that the engineer is releasing the brakes and says, "Let's be going."

Since I have learned that the engineer blows his whistle only when he is saying something really important I am no longer annoyed by a shrill blast in the middle of the night. Also, I have found it interesting to listen in on the conversation of the locomotive engineer now that I can understand the language of the train whistle.

—HARRIET HEINE (in the *Christian Science Monitor*)

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What Is An American School?

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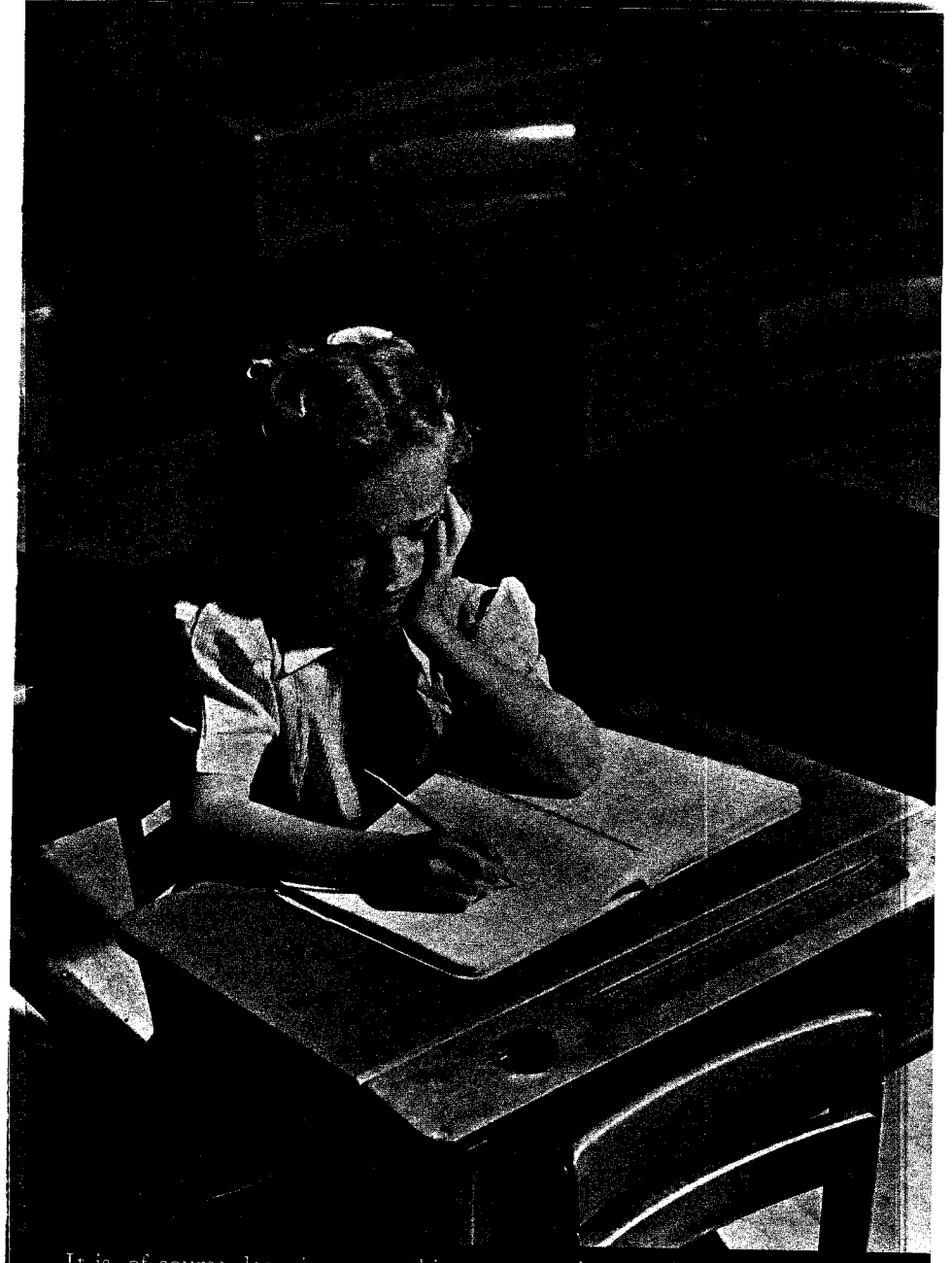

It is, of course, learning some things not so pleasant, like the multiplication tables, and recopying compositions, and staying after school, and saying we were sorry—we didn't think.

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It is our first meeting with Daniel Boone and Florence Nightingale and Pasteur, and taking fascinating trips to the Grand Canyon, and the Taj Mahal, and the Houses of Parliament.

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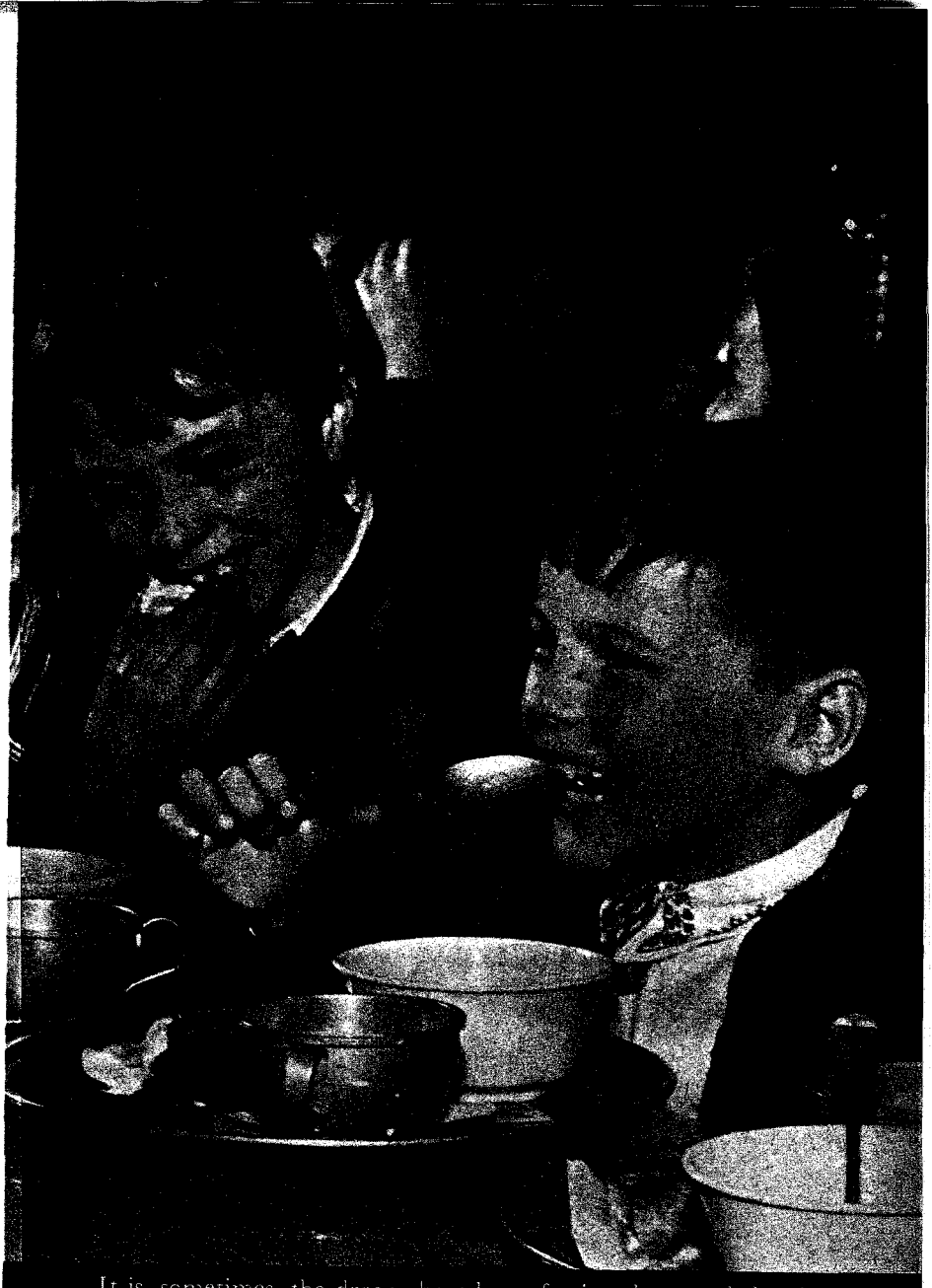

It is, sometimes, the dreary boredom of rainy days, and the clutter and confusion of lunchrooms, and muddy feet, and unkind shoves by children we don't like or a black eye from a playground quarrel.

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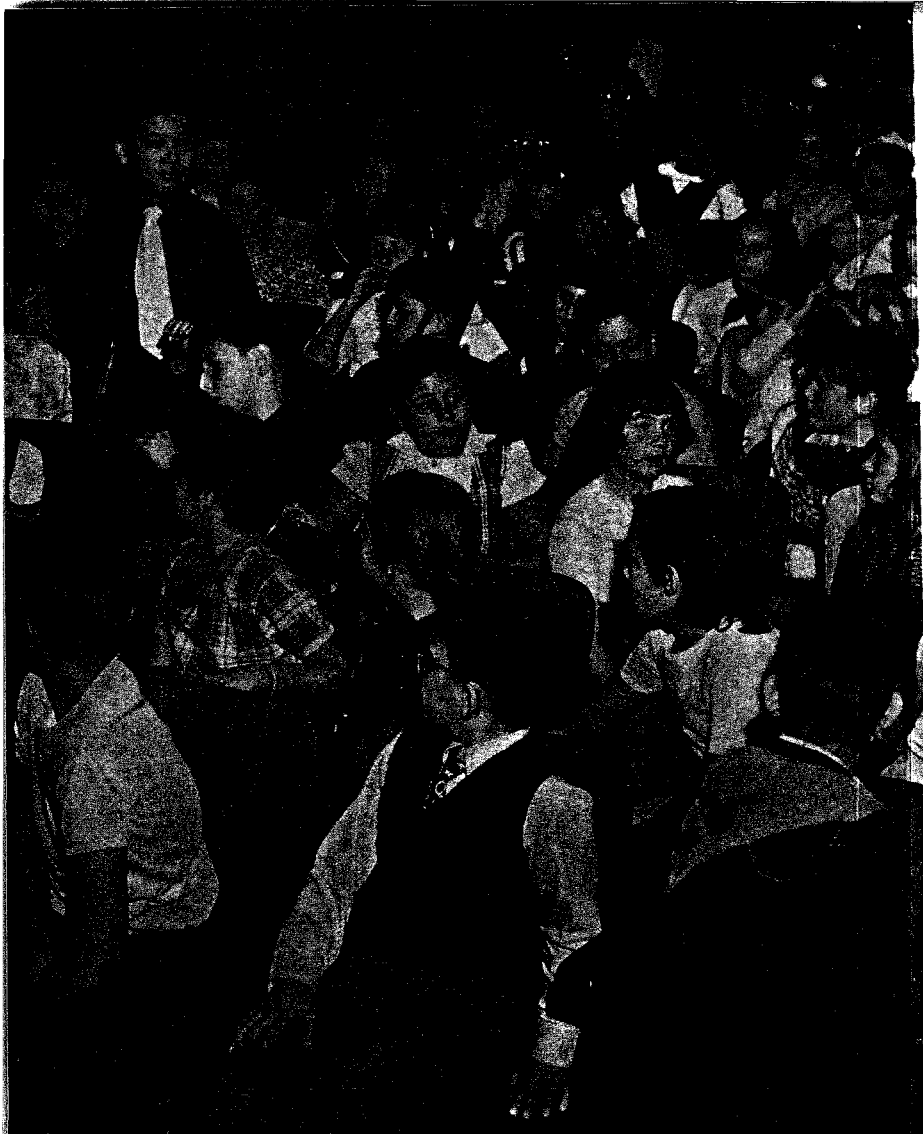

It is also the day we stand, with moist palms and lumpy throats, before the school assembly and recite our lines, with parents waiting anxiously in the back row.

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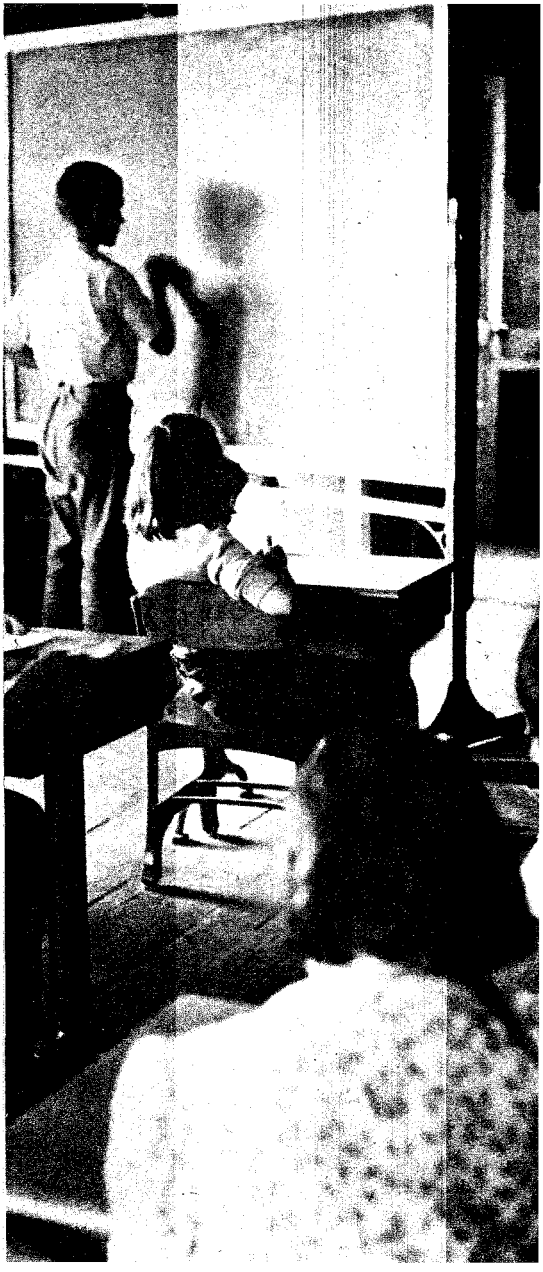

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An American school is all these, but much more: it is a place where we learn to know and to love our country, to ride again with Paul Revere, to fight with Sam Houston, to sorrow with Lincoln.

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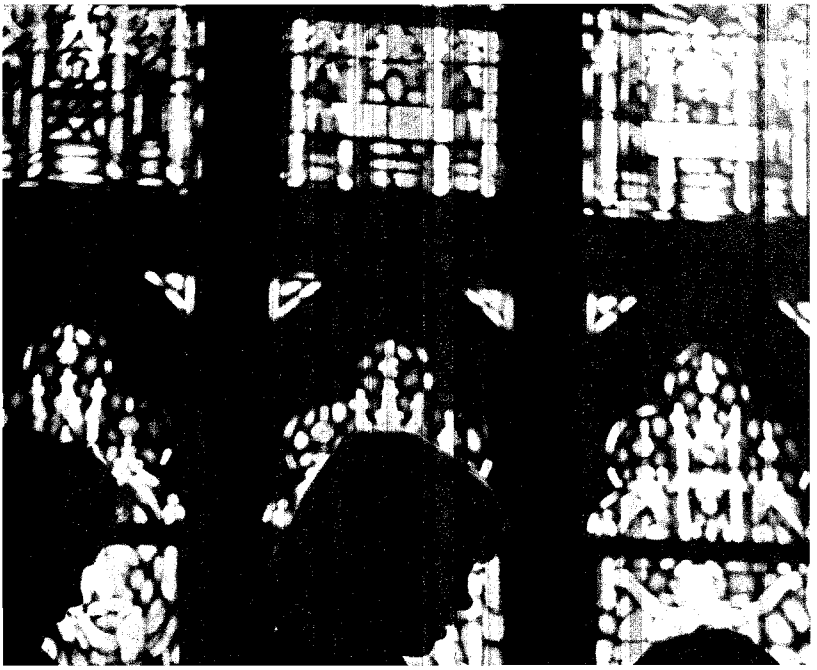

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I Am a City Editor

Is his life all glamour and excitement, or just plain routine and drudgery?

by PAUL SCHOENSTEIN

EVERY SO OFTEN I read with mounting admiration of the exciting, glamorous life a newspaperman leads—particularly if he happens to be that almost legendary figure, the City Editor of a large metropolitan newspaper.

According to the legend, he wields enormous power. He is feared equally by cub reporters and political bosses. Headwaiters at nightclubs spring to attention when he arrives. He receives free tickets to sport events, theatre, opera; the most beauteous of Hollywood actresses vie for his favor. In short, he lives a life of glamour which any ordinary mortal should envy.

The only trouble with the legend is—it isn't true. I know. I am a City Editor.

My newspaper is the New York *Journal-American*. And while my job has compensations, it is not all stardust and excitement—and a good deal of its enchantment is lost on me because I come home simply too tired to appreciate it.

Being City Editor means many things. It means I am manager, director and midwife of at least five editions daily—editions changing with lightning-like speed to keep up with the swift march of events. It means that when a plane crashes at Elizabeth, N. J., just after midnight, I will be awakened and informed of the fact; that when Arnold Schuster, who put the finger on the notorious bank robber, Willie Sutton, is shot at 9 in the evening, I will be pulled out of a barber chair so that our readers can read about it at once. Like the proverbial housewife, my day is never done.

Let me clear up a few popular misconceptions by telling you what —as a newspaperman—I am not. I am not a detective, playboy or political power. I am not surrounded by sin, mystery or romance. I do not wear a hat tilted on the back of my head or a green eyeshade. And I am not perpetually drunk.

I work—and work hard. I spend ten hours a day in a bustling City Room on the sixth floor of a huge building overlooking the East River in lower New York City. It is my job to assign and keep busy 64 reporters, 20 photographers and 30 office boys.

I am advisor and housemother to them, coordinating their efforts,

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editing their stories, selecting their photographs, keeping would-be Ernest Hemingways happy and generally trying to maintain calm in an atmosphere loaded with tension every moment of the day.

I am married to a charming woman, who in turn claims I am married to a telephone. I am the slave of this instrument, which rings at me day and night, haunting me with the news that our world never stops making—the news my staff and I will have at your disposal in just a few hours.

I receive many free tickets to desirable events, but I am rarely able to use them. Only infrequently do I get a chance to indulge in my favorite entertainment of watching a good fight on television. I have never had sufficient leisure in this glamorous job of mine to cultivate an interest in the arts, so I am bored at ballet and opera—when I find it possible to attend them. The only place I find complete peace of mind—and this because no telephone can reach me there—is in the vast mezzanine of New York's enormous Radio City Music Hall. And there, I confess, I usually fall asleep.

MY DAY STARTS at 6 A.M., when the phone awakens me. My day ends whenever it is merciful enough to stop ringing. It is no novelty to be awakened at midnight by a reporter. Shall he take the next plane to Los Angeles to follow a murder clue? Or shall he give up his vigil outside the home of a racketeer he has been assigned to watch?

All during the day, my phone rings. I am called by crackpots who wish to rewrite the Bible, or change the design of the American flag, or warn the city that the world will come to an end in 36 hours. I am called by practical jokers like the woman who informed me she makes flying saucers in her basement, or the man who asks me to call him back—Mr. Baer—at a number which turns out to be that of the zoo.

But I also get calls from people desperate with real problems—like the frantic father who called me one August afternoon some years ago to sob that his little girl, Patricia, was in a hospital with streptococcus infection. She would be dead before morning unless she received several hundred thousand units of penicillin.

At that time, few knew anything about penicillin. It was among the first of the "wonder drugs." By a fortunate coincidence, the night before I had read a magazine which carried an article on penicillin. So when Patricia's father called, I knew that this was a very rare drug, that an infinitesimal supply was on hand, and this available only to the Army.

But a life was at stake, so I mobilized my staff on a story which we called "Seven Hours to Live." My first task was to establish the authenticity of the father's story. Yes, there was a little girl in Lutheran Hospital named Patricia Malone, dying of a rare blood disease. Then I had to locate the person in charge of dispensing the drug—Dr. Chester S. Keefer of Boston.

I called him; there was nothing he could do. Penicillin wasn't available for civilian use. I called the Surgeon-General, the Attorney-General—everyone and anyone who might be instrumental in obtaining the life-giving drug. I as-

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signed every available reporter; I pulled some off other stories.

It was a hot, sweltering day. Precious moments were passing. Patricia now had only six hours to live . . . then five . . . then four. . . .

Unexpectedly, we discovered a supply of penicillin in a laboratory in New Brunswick, N. J. Again, frantic calls. But the laboratory officials were sorry—no penicillin could be distributed unless permission was granted by Dr. Keefer.

We were up against a medical Maginot Line. We kept working. The staff volunteered as one man to stay on the assignment and fight for the life of a little girl.

I scarcely remember all the people we called that stifling day. I do remember that at one point, every trunk line on the *Journal-American* switchboard was tied up on this one story.

Then, suddenly, a hope of success—the possibility of a Government release of the drug on an emergency basis. I rushed a reporter's car with a police escort to New Brunswick, ready to pick up the penicillin and make the race through New Jersey and the traffic of New York City to the hospital. Finally, by telephone, over a line I had kept open to Washington, came the precious word of a high Administration official.

When, after a wild, 90-mile-an-hour ride behind police sirens, the drug reached the hospital and was injected into little Patricia Malone, the child had been given less than an hour to live!

This was not glamour. This was not stardust. It was work—arduous, painstaking work. But it brought tremendous satisfaction. And for breaking this story, my staff and I won the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished reporting.

As CITY EDITOR I AM, indeed, on first-name terms with many celebrities. And it is routine for them to call—to ask me to retrieve their stolen property, fix their parking tickets, get them orchestra seats for sold-out Broadway hits, or even obtain their release from jail when they have been arrested for speeding or some other minor lapse.

But not long ago I was telephoned by an entertainment figure who is kept busy wherever he goes, signing autographs. "Paul," his excited voice came over the line, "my daughter's run away from school with a boy and they're going to get married. You've got to stop the wedding!"

"Now, look—" I began.

"You've got to help me," he exclaimed. "They're going to be married today somewhere in New York. She's only 17, and he's only 19. Can't you do something?"

I could. I telephoned an official in the municipal license bureau, gave him a description of the girl, and pointed out in passing that both were under age. He in turn notified his associates in all five boroughs of the city. Ten minutes later the young couple walked into a license bureau. They were kept there filling out dozens of forms until their parents arrived.

However, since love always finds a way, I'm happy to say that a year later, they were married and today are living happily in the Midwest.

It is not unusual for me, as City Editor, to find myself the shoulder people cry upon, as well as a kind

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of private court of last resort when they are indignant, or outraged, or ready to reveal criminal activity and wrong-doing.

There was young Sarah Ellis, who came into my office and sat, white-faced and trembling, before the City Desk and in a low voice told a story difficult to believe. She declared that she had been the "other woman" in scores of divorce cases, working for a divorce mill which, for a price, manufactured fraudulent evidence of adultery.

Edward A. Mahar, assistant City Editor, listened to her story without comment, then turned and briefed me on it. "She's given us the names of three recently divorced couples. Says if we look up the cases, we'll find that each of the three wives named the same correspondent—Sarah Ellis."

"Let's check it," I said. Sarah was telling the truth. She was the mother of three small children, and had been reduced to this sordid employment in order to earn money to live. She told Mahar how she planted herself in hotel bedrooms with married men, moments before a hired photographer and witness broke in, and how she later perjured herself in court so that people could obtain divorces on the only ground permissible in New York State—adultery.

The divorce mill made it easy for couples to get such evidence, at $50 a raid.

We knew Sarah Ellis would be in danger because of her revelations. The moment we checked her story and found it was true, she vanished. None of her friends knew where she was. The syndicate, suspicious of her, could not find her, and for a good reason: that same day, Margie Farnsworth, one of our top reporters, took Sarah to an inconspicuous hotel and there the two lived under assumed names until we completed an exhaustive investigation into the racket.

We learned that a private detective was its mastermind. We brought him face to face with Sarah Ellis. He confessed his part and agreed to tell all he knew to the District Attorney

The evidence that we turned over to the D.A.'s office, and simultaneously revealed in an exclusive story, proved that *roughly 85 per cent of all divorces in New York State were obtained fraudulently.* As a result, a legislative investigation was launched into the state's divorce laws. When and if, as we hope, loopholes in those laws are closed, we shall feel that we have made a contribution of lasting value.

Such achievements make up, in part, for the Hollywood starlets who don't know me, the glamorous nightclubs I don't attend. But no City Editor dare sit back and gloat. He knows that he is in a constant race with the opposition to get the news first—and he must be alert to use all his ingenuity to scoop the competition.

No one can know blacker despondency than a City Editor when, walking unsuspectingly to a newsstand, he picks up the opposition newspaper and his heart skips a beat—there is a sensational story on Page One, and he doesn't have it. His paper missed it. No alibis, no reasons, however logical, can diminish the nightmare sense of failure.

Often, as City Editor, I must operate on hunches. Not long ago

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two of our ace reporters, James D. Horan, now Assistant City Editor, and Leon Racht, told me of a curious lack of activity in a number of bars they had visited in the Harlem section of Manhattan.

"I can't swear to it," said Horan, "but in each place the moment we came in, we'd feel everyone freeze up. Something's going on there."

There was nothing certain, but I told them to drop everything else and devote the next month to a quiet investigation. I assigned four other reporters to join them in roaming through the area on the lookout for what I thought was to be found—establishments trafficking in narcotics, gambling and prostitution.

For 15 days, two reporters worked in disguise—one girl as a clerk in a drug store, a man as a laborer on a construction job. At the end of each day they mailed me memoranda filled with names, dates and places. With each bit of information, I assigned other reporters to check and see what they could find.

After three weeks we had uncovered sufficient evidence to prove the existence of a shameful situation. We turned our information over to the police. A few days later, in a series of swift, coordinated raids, they closed down the biggest vice dens in Harlem.

As City Editor, I had the satisfaction of reading the big, black headlines in my newspaper, telling how a part of the city was being cleaned up—thanks to the work of my staff. We had done more than break an important story—we had done a public service.

The newspaper business is not easy. Its glamour and excitement are gone almost at the moment you savor them. But its thrills are the very stuff of life. You are forever touching the pulse of the world, forever behind the scenes as history is made, as the world's pity and wonder, beauty and tragedy, comedy and infinite variety, unfold.

This is the power of the job—its intoxication and its hold on all of us. This—and the knowledge that we can always read about how glamorous and star-studded a newspaperman's life is. Especially that of a City Editor.

Psychologically Speaking

THE COMMANDING general of a line division in Korea was inspecting one sunny afternoon when three sniper bullets from a nearby hill whizzed over his head causing him to jump into a bunker that was occupied by a bewhiskered sergeant.

"Locate that sniper!" snapped the general.

"We know exactly where he is, sir," the sergeant replied calmly.

"Why the devil don't you shoot him then?" demanded the general.

The sergeant shifted his tobacco to the other side of his mouth and explained: "Well, sir, that fellow has been sniping at this hill for six weeks now and hasn't hit anybody yet. We're afraid if we kill him, they might go ahead and replace him with one that can shoot."

—Lt. James E. Tully

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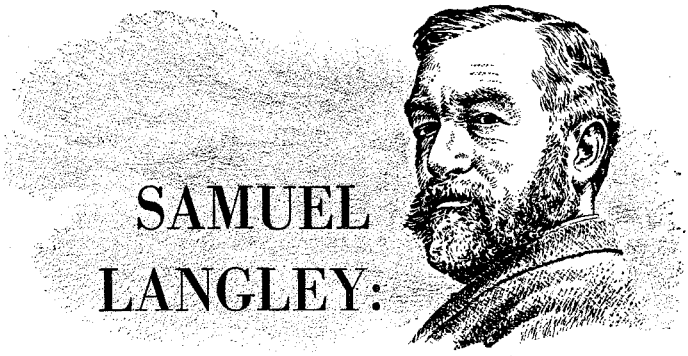

SAMUEL LANGLEY: Forgotten Hero of the Air

by NORMAN POSER

He was abused and ridiculed for his 20-year crusade to prove man could fly

AT 3:05 of a brisk May afternoon in 1896, a burly man of 61, standing on the roof of a houseboat anchored in the Potomac River, shouted, "Release the catapult!" Suddenly a strange-looking machine with wings shot off the boat, hovered for a second, then began to rise steadily. It swung around in sweeping curves for a minute and a half, then glided downward and landed unharmed on the river.

This was the first flight of an airplane lasting more than a few seconds. *And it happened seven and a half years before the Wright brothers made their famed flight at Kitty Hawk!*

Only a handful of flying enthusiasts took note of the great event. Few newspapers mentioned it. Today, the man who built this plane is all but forgotten.

During his life, abuse and ridicule were heaped upon him by the press. He died thinking his 20-year struggle to give man wings had been a failure.

The aerial pioneer was Samuel Pierpont Langley. Well over 50 years ago, he predicted that the air would become a universal highway. Ironically enough, he was denounced in Congress as "a professor wandering in his dreams."

However, Alexander Graham Bell recognized Langley as one of the great pioneers of his day. And the Wright brothers, to whom Langley had shown that flight was possible, said they would "always be grateful" to him.

Man had dreamed of flying since the days of the ancient Greeks, but Langley was one of the first to base his dream on the hard laws of science. Astronomer, art critic, historian, engineer and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Lang-

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ley was always fascinated by the unknown. Unlike the other "dreamers," he had the tools and the determination to undertake the arduous task of designing and building a flying machine.

While the crackpots entertained the public with their useless mechanical birds, Langley made precise calculations and labored quietly over a period of years. In appearance a caricature of the man of science, he became a figure of fun to younger scientists at the Smithsonian. They would follow him, mimicking his bustling stride and downthrust head.

LANGLEY WAS BORN in Roxbury, near Boston, in 1834. As a child, he read all the books in his father's library, and then voiced questions, hundreds of them. One day he asked his father a question that he was to ponder the rest of his life.

"What makes the birds fly? Why can't men fly?"

His father told him sternly to think about more practical matters. But Langley never lost his curiosity. Although he became a civil engineer, he spent his spare time building small telescopes and eagerly searching the skies. Sometimes he would go to a friend's house and look through his telescope—at baseball games in a distant park.

After seven years, Langley had saved enough money so that he could leave his job and study astronomy. After a year of work in Europe, he was given a post at the Harvard University Observatory and then at the observatory of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

During the next 20 years, Langley amazed the scientific world by his discoveries. On an expedition to Mt. Whitney, highest point in the U. S., he identified the invisible rays of the sun that give 99 per cent of the earth's heat.

He devised a method for railroads to use the astronomical time of the nation's observatories to regulate their clocks. The system proved so successful that it is still being employed today by every major railroad in the U.S.

Langley's heavy-set figure, dark burning eyes, and pointed beard drew attention from every passerby. He was also a witty man and a brilliant conversationalist. Once a friend asked him what possible satisfaction he derived from the dry profession of science.

"You have just given me enough satisfaction to last this week," Langley replied. "Every time I cause someone to ask a question, I am happy. I love knowledge, and knowledge begins in wonder."

In 1886, when he was 52, something set fire to the great wonder that had been lying in Langley's mind since boyhood. At a scientific meeting in Buffalo, he heard a speech on the flight of birds.

The speaker said that the reason birds could fly was that they were really lighter, not heavier, than air. Their feathers were made of a mysterious substance that "floated." Embedded in their wings were tiny sacs of air that kept them buoyant. Langley squirmed in his seat, longing to tell the speaker his theory was utter nonsense.

But what was the secret of flight? How did birds seem to remain stationary in the air for hours at a time? If man could solve this mystery, why couldn't he build a flying

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machine? Langley decided he would discover the secret of flight.

First, he built a whirling arm, 60 feet in diameter. Powered by a steam engine, it was able to rotate at 70 miles an hour. He suspended stuffed birds from the wheel and watched their motion through the air, jotting down the results. He discovered that a flying bird was like a man skating over thin ice—the faster it traveled, the less power was needed to keep it up.

NOT LONG AFTER he started his experiments, an unexpected honor came to Langley: he was appointed head of the Smithsonian. Now he had ample facilities for his studies, and he began to spend every spare moment in his laboratory, a wooden structure behind the main building of the Institution.

Except for a few friends like Bell, who were themselves interested in flying, Langley kept his work secret. Sometimes he spent hours hidden in a tree, waiting to snap pictures of birds with a long-range camera. A bachelor all his life, he relieved his long hours of loneliness by telling tales to children who gathered around him in the park.

In 1891, Langley faced a scientific meeting and told his stunned audience, "Within a few years man will be flying!" He predicted speeds greater than anyone at the time could imagine. He foresaw aerial warfare, and said wars would become so terrible that an organization for international arbitration would have to be set up. The scientific world answered with a laugh.

Undaunted, Langley worked on. He built tiny model planes with a rubber band for a motor. When he threw them into the air, they sailed gracefully around his laboratory.

The next step was a larger plane, powered by an engine. He designed his craft like a four-wing dragonfly, with one pair of wings behind the other. A steam engine turned the two propellers. But after six months spent in building the machine, Langley found that the weight of the plane was double that expected and the power was only half. He scrapped it and started again.

In November, 1893, Langley's fourth model was ready for a trial. He decided to launch it over water, where the chances of damage were smaller. He obtained a fishing scow and had a frame roof placed on top. On the roof he fixed launching rails and a catapult.

The improvised houseboat was anchored in the Potomac at a secluded spot about 30 miles from Washington. The scene was tense as Langley and the mechanics adjusted every detail of the birdlike machine. Finally Langley stood erect and waited for the wind to die down. Then he gave the signal to the man at the catapult. The plane sprang from its moorings, hung for a split second in the air—then dove into the water.

Quietly, Langley traveled back to Washington and began building his fifth model. His colleagues, pitying the determined old man, tried to make him forget planes.

A fire came into Langley's black eyes. "I know that flight is possible," he said. "When I have demonstrated that to the world, my job here will be finished!"

So the work continued. On May 6, 1896, Langley, his loyal mechanics and a few of his friends, includ-

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ing Bell, took the strange-looking machine to the houseboat. There was accomplished the first prolonged flight in history. The model plane flew 3,000 feet and reached an altitude of 100 feet, descending only when its meager fuel supply was exhausted.

Worn out by his long labor, Langley went to Europe for a vacation, feeling his job was done. He would leave the building of a man-carrying plane to others.

Two years later, the Spanish-American War broke out.

The War Department asked Langley, now 65, to build a plane capable of carrying a man. Finally he accepted; his old dream was too strong. Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated, and work was begun.

Langley bought several condors, huge birds from the Andes whose flight most closely resembled that of a plane with fixed wings. He built two towers—really cages—in Washington's Rock Creek Park. The birds were taken to the tower tops. As they descended gracefully to the ground inside, they were photographed by cameras fixed at various levels.

From the photographs and his own observations, Langley discovered how the condors made use of the currents and eddies in the air. Instinctively, they always put themselves at such an angle to the wind that it would bear them aloft by its own power.

Langley now began to build the large plane in his workshop. The government imposed rigid secrecy on the project, and guards were stationed around the Smithsonian.

There was one major difficulty—to find a motor powerful enough to keep this heavy machine in flight. Just when the problem seemed insoluble, Langley met Charles Manly, a young engineer, and hired him as an assistant.

He sent Manly to Europe to ask the famous French engineer, de Dion, whether he could build a gasoline engine light and powerful enough for this plane. When de Dion heard that the engine would have to have one horsepower for every ten pounds of weight, he threw up his hands in despair.

"If anyone could make this engine, I could," he said. "But it is impossible!"

Meanwhile, Stephen Balzer, an American engineer, had designed a light engine for use in an automobile. Manly thought that this might be good enough for the plane, but when tested it did not perform as he had expected. Working in the Smithsonian machine shop and making all the parts himself, Manly constructed a power unit based on Balzer's design.

A five-cylinder, radial internal-combustion motor, it differed little in principle from plane engines in general use in 1940!

Meantime, other aviation pioneers, inspired by Langley's success in 1896, were attempting to build man-carrying planes. In England, France and Germany, inventors worked feverishly, believing they were at last approaching the goal. In America, Wilbur and Orville Wright, two young men from Dayton, Ohio, studied Langley's earlier work and began to build their own model of a flying machine.

But now the public's eye was trained on Langley, the shy man

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who still retained something of a boy's simple curiosity. For five arduous years his plane grew, first on blueprints, then in cloth, wood and metal. Finally, in October, 1903—seven years after his first flight—the work was complete. A larger houseboat was ready, and Manly, wearing a life preserver and goggles, was to be the pilot.

Day after day the flight was postponed, due to mechanical mishaps and bad weather, while the newspapers waxed sarcastic at Langley's attempts to fly. They crowed exultantly when a launching accident damaged the plane in October. His craft was dubbed "The Buzzard" and "Langley's Folly." But to the aged inventor, after years of struggle, fulfillment of his cherished dream seemed close.

On the afternoon of December 8, boats full of spectators and newspapermen swarmed down the Potomac to see the test—and to jeer. Manly made a final inspection, climbed into the plane, and waved confidently to the reporters. Then his mouth set grimly. The crowd suddenly became silent.

The plane was released, but the tail structure collapsed and dragged on the track. Langley's flying machine turned over and fell into the water. Manly, at the controls, hurtled into the icy water and narrowly escaped with his life. Langley watched the disaster, exhausted and numb. His lifelong dream was shattered. *And nine days later, the Wright brothers flew successfully at Kitty Hawk, finally vindicating Langley's belief that man could fly.*

Langley's plane was subsequently repaired; and, in 1914, Glenn Curtiss, pioneer aviator, received permission to fly it. After making changes, he piloted it successfully several times. He stated that it would have flown in 1903, had it not been for the defective launching apparatus. But Orville Wright claimed that Curtiss' changes had made the plane fly.

A broken man, Samuel Langley died two years after the final disaster in a bare hotel room in Aiken, South Carolina. Having begun his lifework at an age when most men are thinking of retiring, he died believing that it had been a failure. The long years of public indifference and scorn had finally taken their toll of a brave pioneer.

Newspapers soon turned their attention to the great achievements in aviation that followed—and forgot the inventor who gave the world its wings. But every plane that streaks through the airways today is a living testimonial to Samuel Langley—the man who once said, "Knowledge begins in wonder."

Heart to Heart

AN AMERICAN CHAPLAIN had been conducting a service aboard a ship. At its conclusion, a sailor came up to him and said, "That was a great sermon, sir."

"Will you tell me why you thought so?" asked the chaplain.

The sailor thought a moment, then replied, "It was great because it took something from your heart and put it in mine."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

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KNOW YOUR SLANG

Art Linkletter, master of informality on *Art Linkletter's House Party* (Monday-Friday; CBS, 3:15 P.M., E.S.T.; CBS-TV, 2:45 P.M., E.S.T.), has bandied questions and answers with more than 30,000 contestants from every walk of life and from every corner of the U. S. Result: "I now own the most fantastic collection of slang this side of Tibet." The quiz that follows represents the gems of Art's collection. How many of them can you interpret? Answers are on page 145.

1. When a crook talks about "active citizens" he refers to
a. police; b. politicians; c. lice.
2. When a hobo "counts the ties" he
a. counts his belongings; b. walks along railroad tracks; c. hitches a ride.
3. When a locomotive engineer "wipes the clock" he
a. stops short; b. is on schedule; c. cleans his instruments.
4. When a man "plays a lone hand" he
a. plays the ukulele; b. plays a hand of poker; c. travels alone.
5. When a sailor talks about a "red Mike" he refers to
a. a woman hater; b. the Russian radio; c. an Irishman.
6. When a guest orders "cackleberries and grunts" he wants
a. strawberries and cream; b. eggs and bacon; c. hamburger and French fries.
7. When, at the Olympic games, a contestant "bounced in with the bacon" he
a. lost a contest; b. won a contest; c. served breakfast for the others.
8. When a baseball player "looks at the offering" he
a. takes presents from the fans; b. lets a pitch go by; c. talks "contracts" with the manager.
9. When somebody is "loaded with cartwheels" he has
a. a lot of silver dollars; b. too many drinks; c. many dimes.
10. When you visit "Johnson's Polar Bear Garden" you go
a. to the zoo; b. to Alaska; c. to an ice cream parlor.
11. When Chuck Dressen gives Yogi Berra "the Bronx cheer" he
a. buys him a drink; b. ridicules him; c. congratulates him.
12. When two colors are "hoss and hoss" they are
a. contrasting; b. complementary; c. identical.
13. When one "makes a beeline" he
a. goes by the most direct route; b. collects honey; c. aligns his hives.
14. When a soldier talks about a "jawbreaker" he refers to
a. an army dentist; b. an army biscuit; c. an unpleasant officer.
15. When a circus performer talks about a "windjammer" he refers to
a. a member of the band; b. the air conditioning; c. a clown.
16. When a radio performer talks about a "drum beater" he speaks of
a. a drummer; b. the announcer of the commercial; c. the producer.
17. When a boxer speaks of a "curbstone cracker" he refers to
a. a pseudo fight expert; b. a knockout blow; c. a sparring partner.
18. When a football player looks at the "uprights" he sizes up
a. the referees; b. goal posts; c. the opposition's coaches.
19. When a journalist interviews "a hocus focus boy" he talks to
a. a magician; b. a photographer; c. a Hollywood star.
20. When a gambler is an "African golfer" he plays
a. roulette; b. dice; c. the horses.

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OUR LADY ADMIRAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH

by ARTHUR D. MORSE

Shapely, blue-eyed Lucile Petry has led the struggle to improve the standards of American nursing

ON JUNE 7, 1949, a tiny nurse named Lucile Petry stepped on top of a dictionary for added height and was sworn in as an Assistant Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service. The first woman to achieve this rank in the history of the Service, she is thus the first of her sex with the pay, privileges and gold braid of an admiral.

If the thought of a just-over-five-foot Admiral maneuvering ships by feminine intuition sends shivers up the backs of bluejackets, it can be banished. Miss Petry's uniform, like that of any officer of the Public Health Service, simply reflects the organization's nautical origin.

When the Service was founded in 1798, its primary mission was the health of America's sailors. Its insignia, a double caduceus and fouled anchor, symbolizes sickness at sea, and, except for this emblem, its uniforms are identical with those worn by naval officers.

During World War II, when Miss Petry was a mere four-striper under Surgeon General Thomas Parran, she experienced the confusion wrought by Public Health generals who dressed like admirals. Scheduled to meet Dr. Parran at a luncheon in a Washington hotel, she asked the headwaiter if General Parran had arrived.

"No, Madam," he replied, "there are no generals here."

Miss Petry searched vainly through the lobby until she realized that the Surgeon General would, as usual, be in admiral's uniform. She returned to the headwaiter.

"Have any admirals arrived?" she asked.

"My dear lady," he retorted, "will *only* generals or admirals do?"

Today, although she is required to dress as a lady admiral on ceremonial occasions, Lucile Petry doesn't take her armful of gold braid too seriously. But other nurses do. To them it represents an unprecedented recognition of their profession, and marks the first time a nurse has reached this policy-making council of government.

The rise of Miss Petry has been accomplished with such modesty

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and efficiency that the men seem to enjoy her invasion of their domain. Not that her acceptance, however, was automatic. When she attended her first high-level conference the chairman's welcoming speech was brief and to the point:

"Well, Miss Petry," he said, "we're glad to see you here. You got this position not because you're a nurse but because you have a brain—now use it!"

She did. As her present boss, Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele, puts it, "When it comes to information on nursing education and nurse resources, Lucile is my eyes and ears."

No surgeon general ever had more attractive eyes at his service. Lucile Petry's are a luminous blue, set in a delicately featured face surmounted by softly curling gray hair. Her erect bearing and precise speech convey a dignity and authority which is relieved frequently by a broad, youthful grin.

At 49, she has a figure that would enhance any senior prom, and if she is the tiniest of admirals she is by all odds the shapeliest. Yet few people in public life are as wileless, guileless and totally disinterested in self-exploitation. Thus, after three precedent-shattering years as the highest-ranking nurse in history, she remains an anonymous figure to the general public.

From 8:30 A. M., when Miss Petry arrives at her office in the Federal Security Building, a stream of responsibility crosses her desk. Most of it concerns the improvement of nursing standards. As wartime Director of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Lucile Petry and her staff discovered that a large number of America's 1,200 nurse-training institutions were inadequate in teaching, clinical facilities and living conditions for students. After the war, Miss Petry spearheaded a campaign to unify accrediting agencies into the National Nursing Accrediting Service, which has resulted in better schools and better methods of rating them.

The lady Admiral's day is punctuated by meetings with physicians, hospital authorities and government health leaders. At these conferences she originates programs by which nurses become skilled in such advanced therapies as radioactive medications, antibiotics, heart surgery, techniques for treating cancer, care of atomic injuries and use of complicated devices like the artificial kidney. These new responsibilities, she points out, require more education and entitle nurses to new prestige, recognition and reward.

Lucile Petry figures that about one-sixth of her time is devoted to international nursing matters. Although she was the only nurse at the first Assembly of the UN's World Health Organization, she persuaded the U. S. delegation to introduce a resolution calling for the utilization of nurses in the WHO. As a leader of its Expert Committee on Nursing, she has traveled over the globe improving the quality of nursing service in every country she visits.

To keep tabs on her far-flung nursing interests, Miss Petry flies about 60,000 miles a year. In a 30-day period she lectured on "World Health" in Pennsylvania; met with the W. K. Kellogg Foundation in Michigan and planned nurse participation in that state's civil defense

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program; went to Lake Success for UN meetings of the Commission on the Status of Women; spoke in Toledo, Ohio; addressed 1,000 students in Boston; flew to Milwaukee and delivered a speech on the history of Public Health nursing; flew back to Boston for an award as one of America's 25 outstanding women, and quickly took off again for Minneapolis and meetings on nurse manpower.

She lives in a smartly decorated apartment in one of Washington's best residential sections. Her social life, on the rare evenings when there is no work to be done, is distinctly on the intellectual side. Concerts, plays, reading and conversation are her principal interests.

Even when she married, in June, 1952, Miss Petry did not stray far from her principal interest. Her husband is Dr. Nicholas C. Leone, a Public Health Service researcher at the Microbiological Institute.

Lucile Petry entered the Washington scene on July 3, 1941, when Surgeon General Parran summoned her for emergency conferences on the nurse shortage. During the preceding 12 years she had risen from an instructor to Assistant Director of the University of Minnesota School of Nursing.

There her philosophy that "the nurse nurses the *whole* patient" and her admonitions to "treat the patient rather than the disease" had helped introduce psychological tools to her profession. By 1941, over 1,000 students who had taken her memorable course in Nursing Supervision were spreading these doctrines throughout America.

Parran, the man who had educated a nation about cancer and venereal disease, appointed her to a responsible nursing position and, in July, 1943, named her Director of the Cadet Nurse Corps. Suddenly and amazingly, this woman who had slaved for years to repay the $2,000 loan that had carried her through college and nursing school, found herself with an initial budget of $65,000,000.

The Petry-Parran team barnstormed through 22 cities in a dazzling national campaign for nurse recruitment. In three years over 169,000 student nurses were recruited, with 124,000 completing the course.

The Cadet Corps was a whopping success and its tireless Director, working 16 hours a day, improved the quality of nursing education as well as the quantity of nurses. She is particularly proud that the Corps opened new and more equal opportunity for Negroes in nursing.

Anyone who had seen Lucile Petry in the summer of 1923, however, would hardly have predicted her unparalleled success. Wearing an ungainly homemade blue uniform, the tiny 20-year-old was working as a practical nurse in a hospital on New York City's lower East Side.

Her father, a school principal in Selbyville, Delaware, had instigated this trial period. After being informed by his daughter that she wanted to become a nurse, he had replied, "But you don't even know how a hospital smells."

So she had gotten the job at $25 a month, and a free room in the basement. The hospital was understaffed and from the start Lucile was alone on a ward. Her only

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guidance was from a Red Cross home-nursing book.

She remembers passing the bed of one of her earliest patients during a visiting hour. The man waved at Lucile, then turned to his wife. "That's *my* nurse," she heard him say proudly. It was a simple phrase, but it stayed with her.

By the end of the summer, Lucile had lost ten pounds; but she knew exactly how a hospital smelled, and liked it.

After graduating from the University of Delaware with top honors the following year, she entered the Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing in Baltimore. Hopkins, in sharp contrast to the New York hospital, was vibrant with research and the developing techniques of psychiatry, and a new world of ideas opened for the young nurse.

In 1927, she completed her training at the head of her class and joined the Hopkins Hospital staff at $70 a month. During the next 18 months her salary was raised to $90. She worked a 54-hour week, her duties including those of head nurse and assistant night supervisor in the psychiatric, medical, surgical and communicable disease wards.

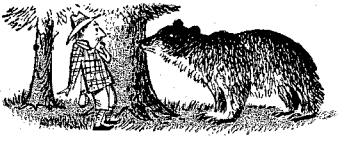
Later she gained her Master's degree in Nursing Supervision at Teachers College, Columbia University, financing the course by acting as nurse for a University physician during lunch hours and nursing private psychiatric patients.

Lucile Petry's sense of fulfillment is revealed by her description of "the 7 o'clock feeling."

"You feel it at the hospital when you're about to leave the ward in the evening," she says. "Everything has been taken care of but you take that one last look—you see that the patients are comfortable and relaxed, and suddenly there is a tangible sense of fulfillment."

Although she has been awarded six honorary degrees and has been offered the deanship of almost every major nursing school in America, one brief phrase gives her the greatest satisfaction. It followed a long series of laudatory statements explaining why the University of Delaware had named her an honorary Doctor of Sciences. This booming salute to the lady Admiral ended with the simple words . . . "and because she is a nurse."

Disadvantage Indeed



A FAMOUS WILD GAME HUNTER was telling about an experience he had up in Canada when he came face to face with a large bear. Since he had forgotten to carry his gun along at the time he was, naturally, at quite a disadvantage. "That must have been just terrible, meeting a bear without your gun," remarked one of his interested listeners.

"It was," replied the hunter, "considering that I was a stranger in that part of the country and I didn't have any road maps with me."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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THE WHITE CONTINENT

by THOMAS R. HENRY

Dinosaurs once roamed barren Antarctica, which now holds promise for mankind

AT THE BOTTOM of the world lies a dead continent swathed in a mile-thick shroud of ice.

Storms and cold of a hundred million year-long Winters have woven this sheet of intricate patterns and many colors around what was once a country of green forests. Dinosaurs probably roamed its marshes, and primitive mammals lurked in its woodlands. No man's eye ever looked on its wild landscape; the weaving of the shroud had started millenniums before the first human appeared on earth.

Now there is only lifeless desolation with white, pink and blue mountains rising like tombstones over the surface of an endless, glittering white desert. At least two-thirds of it is totally unknown, and of that part which has been mapped, most of it has been glimpsed only through cloud rifts from fast-flying planes.

This is the Antarctic Continent—a land mass about the size of the U. S. and Australia combined. In almost the geometric center is the South Pole, the southernmost point on earth.

This is the world's coldest land. Even on the sea's edge in midsummer the temperature seldom rises above zero Centigrade. And even in these rare spots where the surface of the continent is free of ice, there is so little soil and the temperature so seldom rises above freezing that seeds have no chance to germinate.

The continent of Antarctica is in the middle of an ice age; in fact, a journey into its interior today might be likened to a time-ship voyage into ten million years ago. But there is one great difference.

Life never was brought to a complete standstill in the Northern Hemisphere. Animals and plants retreated before the creeping ice; through hundreds of generations they adjusted themselves to new ways of living. In Antarctica, escape was cut off in all directions by deep and stormy seas.

During millenniums of this age, enormous glaciers flowed from lands at present on the Equator toward

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lands which are now around the South Pole. At that time what is now the Antarctic Continent was warm and green.

There are some indications today that the great ice sheet again is retreating. Only a few million years from now, a resurrection of the dead continent may take place, when its hills will be green again and its mountains filled with the roar of falling waters.

Such an occurrence might spell doom for much of the rest of the earth. The levels of the oceans will be raised several hundred feet by the melting polar cap, and the present most heavily populated regions, including many of the world's largest cities, will be on sea bottom.

Thus, Antarctica stands today like a menacing white ogre. Sheltered valleys clear of ice have been found on the continent; stark mountain peaks bear unmistakable marks showing they once were buried under ice. But the menace of the White Continent looms afar.

For the present it is a land of mystery, beauty, glory and danger. Here, at the bottom of the earth, are encountered phenomena so far outside ordinary experience as to suggest supernatural manifestations. They are eerie and beautiful and terrible, and science still gropes for an understanding of many of them.

IN THE ANTARCTIC the sky frequently is a lush green when the sun is low in the sky. The greenness extends from the horizon halfway to the zenith; the closest analogy would be to a vivid green sunset. An extraordinary example of this was observed from the Coast Guard icebreaker *Northwind*, pushing southward through the ice pack on New Year's Eve, 1946.

On the southern horizon appeared a green shore; close-mown lawns, bordered by hedges, sloped gently upward into eiderdown clouds. The effect was like a Chinese landscape painting, fifty miles long and ten miles high, suspended over the horizon. And strangest of all, men breathe rainbows. The moisture in the breath freezes instantly when it leaves the mouth, forming millions of floating ice crystals. Sunlight through these clouds creates a succession of rainbow-colored circles which appear to come from one's own lungs.

When a blizzard arose suddenly over the Antarctic several Winters ago, the drivers of two tractored jeeps became lost while attempting to make their way from the gasoline dump to the base camp—a distance of only 200 yards. The drivers floundered helplessly in the dense whiteness where there were no landmarks and no shadows.

After 15 minutes the men remembered instructions given them for such an emergency, and were about to stop until the blizzard ended. Suddenly they found themselves back at the dump from which they had started. Later examination of the tracks showed that they had made a circle, nearly a mile in radius, always turning left, although both men stanchly insisted they had meant to bear to the right, in direction of the camp.

This instinctive left-turning is a common phenomenon in Antarctica. Here everything which turns, naturally turns left. Lost men and dogs always circle to the left. Snow always swirls to the left. The sun in

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summer moves 24 hours a day around the high horizon, always from right to left.

The exact opposite is true in North Polar regions, where everything naturally turns right. There is an instinct, deeply rooted in the conscious, to turn right north of the Equator and left south of the Equator. The men themselves had no more realization of it than of the fact that since crossing the Antarctic Circle, each of them had gained almost a pound—without putting on any extra flesh. This was due to the greater pull of gravity in the South Polar region than in middle latitudes. Very close to the Pole, the pull is sufficient to cause a difference of about ten pounds per ton.

Perhaps the most terrifying of Antarctic phenomena was reported by British explorers on one of the nearly motionless glaciers near the Ross Sea. Over this glacier towers a lofty mountain. At almost the moment a shadow of the mountain falls on the ice on a sunny day, there starts a succession of loud explosions, like mortar fire in battle.

Sometimes the detonations last for a half-hour; it is as if a titanic photo-electric reaction had been set off by the shadow. Networks of tiny crevasses, some of them as much as a hundred feet long and ten inches deep, appear. But no one knows the explanation.

Antarctica is the land of white darkness. Day after day the landscape is veiled in a thick, downy whiteness, in which visibility is at times non-existent. Strange things happen, such as the sudden disappearance of moving objects.

Two men, dressed in white, may be walking across the snow side by side. They are in a world of complete whiteness. The air is white; earth and sky are white; the wind in the face is white with clouds of snow. Suddenly one man becomes conscious that the other is no longer beside him. He has disappeared, as though the thin, white air has dissolved him. Yet he continues to talk as if nothing has happened, unaware that he has become a substance less phantom. In a moment he reappears—perhaps floating in the air a few feet ahead and at about eye level. Still he talks as if he were walking beside the other man; he has no awareness of his own preternatural levitation. And once again, there is no satisfactory explanation of this bewildering phenomenon.

SINCE IN WHITE DARKNESS there are no shadows, Antarctica most of the time is a shadowless land. On a cloudy day, illumination of the landscape is so diffuse that there is no perspective by which one can estimate the contours, size or distance of white objects.

The feet cannot find the snow underfoot. One staggers and stumbles like a drunken man. Sledge and tractor drivers cannot move for days at a time, until shadows reappear by which they can detect ridges which indicate the presence of crevasses. Otherwise they might stumble blindfolded into an area crisscrossed with 1,000-foot-deep rifts in the ice, which are the death traps of Polar explorers.

Man's mind is conscious of time through the succession of day and night, the parade of seasons, the rising and falling of tides, the progression of growing old. But in Ant-

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arctica, only within one's own body and in the changing constellations of the winter skies is any change discernible.

The processes of rot, rust, fermentation, mold, disease are absent altogether, or proceed so slowly that there is no consciousness of them. Antarctica literally knows no dying, because beyond the mountain rim nothing dies of its own physiological processes. Here is a real "land of perpetual youth," but a mockery for man because the price for not growing old is unliving.

The White Continent has been in a state of suspended animation for thousands of millenniums. It is not beyond possibility, however fantastic, that if the ice cap were suddenly disintegrated—say by the dropping of a few thousand plutonium bombs to produce a habitable continent—the spores of vegetation of a hundred million years ago might germinate, and forests of tree ferns fill the glacial valleys. Also ancient viruses might come to life and descend upon the world.

Of more practical and immediate significance, Antarctica is the natural icebox of the world. If all the grain produced on earth this year were dumped on the Continent, it would be as edible as ever 100 years from now. If all the cows, hogs and sheep slaughtered in the U. S. were consigned to the ice, they would be available to the great-great-great-grandchildren of this generation. Throughout history, mankind either has had an abundance of food or a tragic scarcity, with peaks and troughs recurring in unpredictable cycles. On the Antarctic Continent, the temperature almost never rises above the freezing point of water, and is thought to sink as low as 100 degrees below zero. There are no bugs to eat grain, no bacteria to spoil meat, no spores to mold bread. Nearly all foodstuffs could be preserved at no expense.

The idea has brewed for years in the mind of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who has suggested that the Antarctic be placed under world trusteeship as an insurance against recurrent food shortages. At present the Continent could serve best as a storehouse of the enormous food surpluses of the Southern Hemisphere—Argentine wheat and beef, Australian mutton, New Zealand cheese and butter.

Several experiences of the 1947 Navy Expedition illustrated the potentialities of this ageless land. One was the helicopter descent of Rear Admiral Richard H. Cruzen on the camp at Cape Evans, near McMurdo Sound, which had been abandoned by Capt. Robert F. Scott, famed British explorer, more than 35 years before.

From the camp's appearance, the occupants might have left only within the past few days. Boards and rafters of the cabin looked as if they had just come from the sawmill; there was no rot in the timbers, rust on the nailheads. A hitching rope used for Manchurian ponies looked new, and proved as strong as ever when used to hitch the helicopter.

Biscuits and canned meat still were edible, although they seemed to have lost a little flavor. A sledge dog, which apparently had frozen to death while standing up, still stood there, looking quite alive. A London magazine, published in Scott's day and exposed to the ele-

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ments since his departure, might have been printed that morning.

This suggests the possibility of establishing on the Antarctic Continent a world library for the storage of everything that comes off the printing presses. It would be safe from all the agencies that age and destroy books and papers; the cheapest newsprint would be as good, and the type on it just as readable, in 500 years.

With improved transportation facilities, this land on the edge of time may have considerable potentialities as a health resort. Here is earth's richest, dryest, purest air. Dust particles, pollen grains, fungus spores and bacteria exist only in such minute quantities as to be negligible. Complete insurance is provided against the common allergies such as hay fever and rose fever.

The experience of the Navy Expedition was typical. Colds and influenza disappeared among the crews, and sick bays emptied about two weeks out of Panama. After that, none appeared until late January, when the plane crews arrived at Little America, bringing a supply of germs. Following this mild epidemic, there were no more colds until a few days after the ships docked at New Zealand.

The first human child has yet to be born below the Antarctic Circle. One who first saw the light there might pass an entire lifetime in a completely sterilized, aseptic world. The child would never contract colds, mumps, measles, chicken pox, grippe, unless some visitor introduced the germs. Then, having acquired no resistance, it probably would die of the first minor illness to come along from the outside world in which we live today.

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8 WAYS TO SAVE ON LIFE INSURANCE

by RAY GILES

A good agent can show you how to get the most for the money you spend on policies

SINCE LIFE INSURANCE IS the average family's chief protection against financial disaster, we should buy carefully. And for the most part, we do. Yet millions do not buy insurance to their best advantage.

Some fail to take into consideration the benefits they already have in Social Security. Others select insurance unsuited to their real needs, or fail to specify the death settlement which will be most advantageous to their beneficiaries.

You insure primarily to give your wife and children financial security. But so many men now live beyond 65 that your insurance is increasingly likely to become a handy asset for your own later years, and you should know how to convert it into income when your children no longer need its protection.

Perhaps your insurance setup can be improved, with an actual saving on charges and increase in benefits. Here are eight points that are worth considering:

1. *Know all your insurance assets.* In the last 15 years, an immense amount of government and other new insurance has come into existence, providing protection for an increasing portion of the population.

Take Social Security. You know it may provide income for you after 65, but are you familiar with what it might do for your wife and children in the way of help with death expenses and monthly income until the children are 18? You would have to buy about $20,000 worth of regular life insurance to secure protection equal to maximum Social Security benefits.

To know what your Social Security might pay right *now*, go to the nearest Social Security office. You can learn its address from your telephone book or at the post office.

Another kind of insurance owned today by millions is the government insurance acquired in the Armed Forces; still another, the group insurance available to employees in many companies. For younger men, these new developments mean that you may already be well protected without having a penny's worth of other insurance. But to plan for the future intelli-

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gently, you should first know what you have at present.

That is where the insurance agent comes in. A good one can explain what you have in Social Security and other insurance. From that point you can go on to improve your family's security with insurance bought in the usual way.

2. *Buy insurance only to meet clear-cut needs.*

The commonest are (a) money for death expenses, (b) income for a widow with children, (c) money to pay your mortgage, (d) money to finance the education of children, and (e) retirement income for yourself and your wife.

No two families have identical problems. Where one husband and wife may have six children and two dependent parents, another may be childless and without other dependents. Obviously they haven't the same insurance needs.

Occupations raise special problems. A big-league ballplayer has relatively few years of large earning power. Therefore, he is wise to choose a policy of "limited-payment" insurance, for which he is charged a higher premium each year for those few years.

For contrast, here is a young doctor who has just opened his practice and is not yet earning much. He buys the lowest-premium kind he can get, called "term" insurance. It has no cash values and cannot be carried beyond age 60 or 65. But by the time the doctor is 40, his earning power will be much higher and he can carry regular life insurance.

These and other differences explain why it is important to have an agent you can confide in. He must know all about your affairs to give you his best advice.

It is usually a mistake not to have insurance on a wife. Even though she may not contribute directly to the family income, the death of a wife and mother can involve a real economic loss to a family. If she also works at an outside job and her earnings are important, it may be necessary to insure her even more heavily.

Be ready to change the form of settlement in a policy with your changing needs. For example, you may insure to finance a son's college education. But when he is ready, you find you can pay the bills out of your salary. The educational policy can now be made to add to your own financial security when you go into retirement.

3. *Get the most for your money!*

If you now pay premiums four times a year, you may reduce the cost of your insurance about four per cent by paying a single yearly premium instead.

Insurance for two different needs is sometimes obtainable in a single combination policy. For example, you may want the largest possible income for your children while they are small, and term insurance gives it. But you also want ordinary life insurance. You can get these two kinds combined in a "family income" policy, and the cost will be less than if you bought two separate policies.

Similarly, you may want to think of buying ordinary life insurance to protect your family, and an endowment for old-age income.

Getting the most for your money reminds you to take all the group insurance you can, because em-

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ployers usually pay at least half the total cost of the group premium.

4. *Use yearly dividends to increase your protection.*

If you bought the most common type of insurance, a so-called participating policy, you pay a higher premium. But this policy entitles you to share in the earnings of the company, and each year it refunds to you a part of the premium charge as a dividend. These dividends may be used to reduce premiums. But it is better to let them increase your protection.

One way is to leave dividends with the company at interest. Suppose you are 23, just married, and have a new $5,000 ordinary life policy. Dividends with the company can grow into a substantial nest egg. You can borrow from it, or take it all out, or use it to pay premiums if you ever need to. Or your dividends can be used to give you $5,000 of fully paid insurance when you are 55.

Suppose you reach 55 and want your policy to become the biggest possible asset for your later years. You can continue to pay premiums, leave dividends with the company, and at 65 it would pay you $5,000 in cash or a lifetime income based on that amount.

Dividends may also be used to increase the face value of your policy every year. For example, in 1942 a man, then 35, bought $5,000 of ordinary life insurance. Each year, the dividends were used to increase his coverage. Today, if he died, his survivors would receive $5,370 instead of the original $5,000 face value of the policy.

This method of using dividends to increase your insurance coverage should be taken advantage of for additional reasons. It is a means of adding to your protection as you grow older and as family needs increase, without actually raising your budget allotment for premium payments. Secondly, it may prove the only method of securing additional, needed protection should you become uninsurable because of illness or accident, following issuance of the original policy.

5. *Don't permit insurance proceeds to go to waste!*

Experience proves that wives too often lose insurance money left in a lump sum. They lack investment experience, and lend money "for keeps" to friends and relatives. It is, therefore, generally safer to specify monthly income for widows. Moreover, in most states today insurance income cannot be attached by creditors.

Although it may seem convenient to simplify your insurance program by combining present amounts of coverage under one new policy, it may prove costly in the long run to do so. Careful reading and discussion with your agent of the terms of the new and old policies may disclose advantages in the old which are not readily noticeable.

For example, in case the insurance money is to be paid in monthly installments for the lifetime of the beneficiary, older policies generally provide a higher monthly income. This is because they were issued at a time when the average life span was shorter than it is today. Counting on the shorter life expectancy of the beneficiary, hence fewer monthly payments, the older policies are likely to guarantee a higher monthly in-

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come for the same amount of coverage than those issued today.

6. *Think twice when considering term insurance.*

Term insurance gives you protection for a stated number of years; after that it is worthless. This makes it useful to pay off a mortgage in case you die, or to protect elderly relatives who cannot outlive the number of years for which the policy is written. But term insurance, as its name implies, is designed only for such temporary needs. You save on life insurance if you avoid the use of term policies in favor of permanent protection.

When considering term insurance, look into the *convertible* kind which may be changed into ordinary life coverage, if you want to do so later on.

7. *Review your insurance every now and then.*

This is advisable when there is a new baby, the death of a beneficiary, or other important family change. Also, changes in employment may alter your Social Security benefits, your group insurance, your pension outlook. Perhaps once a year, certainly whenever you change your will, you should go over all your insurance with your agent to see if revision is needed.

8. *Have all insurance convertible into income for your later years.*

Some months ago, a man retired on a good income produced by his life insurance. His simple investment program had been to buy more insurance whenever he got a raise.

Suppose you are 35 and buy a $10,000 ordinary life policy. At 65, the chances are that its cash value may be converted into about $35 a month, making a nice addition to your other income. The use of cash values for retirement income is increasing as more people live beyond the age of 65.

When our grandfathers talked about life insurance, they liked to complain: "But you have to *die* to win!" It isn't that way now. Today, insurance companies pay more money to living policyholders than they do to the survivors of the deceased ones.

So make "Live and win!" the motto of your life-insurance protection program. It's the sensible one for today, as well as for all your tomorrows.

Help Wanted

AN ENGLISH COUPLE wanted a baby girl, and placed the following notice in the "personals" column of a London paper: "We have three sons. Has anyone any suggestions as to how we may have a daughter?"

Letters poured in from all over the world. "If at first you don't succeed, keep trying," wrote an American. "Consult the Dionnes," wrote a Canadian.

Then from a Frenchman came this startling suggestion: "Can I be of any help?"

—JUANITA M. DOOM

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WOMEN... IN A MAN'S WORLD

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

PERHAPS it was an ancient cave-woman who launched the epic struggle; or maybe the legendary Amazons who fought pitched battles with the Greeks, spurning proposals, accepting only challenges. Whoever it was that opened woman's ardent and interminable struggle for equality with man, what they started was nothing short of a permanent revolution. It has been countered with weapons of ridicule, mockery and disdain. It has seen men backed up against a silken wall from which, in the end, there was no escape, no chance of victory. It has won for the "Weaker Sex" such critical battles as the right to vote and to wear bobbed hair. It has, by pluck and perseverance, brought them an ever-growing list of victories. But, like

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Women made news throughout the country, then made sure men read all about it.

the good soldiers they are, the ladies rarely pause to savor triumph. On and on they press to newer battles, greater gains, while men stand bewildered on the sidelines and wonder how and when it all will ever end.

The men had all the better of it in the opening skirmishes. Even before Thomas Jefferson provoked squeals of outrage by proclaiming that "the appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I" the male of the species had drawn up a cohesive plan of defense against the feminists: ignore them as long as possible; when they grow too persistent, put them in their place quickly, firmly.

So it was that until the middle of the 19th century a woman was restricted to marriage, child-bearing, house-tending and hostess-playing. It was clearly understood that when the after-dinner cigars were passed and the political discussions begun, she would rise gracefully and lead the ladies into the sitting room.

Then suddenly, a vague and undefined restlessness was in the air. An industrial age was being born and women, with that magnificent intuitive sense that still wheedles proposals from nervous beaus and hats from protesting husbands, knew that the time was right.

For the first organized blow of their counter-offensive, American women chose Seneca Falls, a sleepy little town in the New York lake country. There, in the summer of 1848, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton called the first convention on "Woman's Rights."

Around the nation, a blast of editorial derision greeted the determined ladies. One of the kindest things said about the meeting was that it was held "at the expense of women's more appropriate duties."

But nothing, least of all mere words, could stop the ladies now. In a ringing Declaration of Sentiments, they demanded for all women absolute equality with men: the right to vote, to be educated, to have jobs, to own property and, perhaps most significant, to be judged by the same moral standards applied to men.

Nor was Seneca Falls the end. With full fury, women injected

"Jobs mean equality," said women—but their pay was a third what men got.

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When dressmakers struck for higher pay, women wrote supporting editorials.

themselves into nationwide debates on temperance, slavery and unionism. Some men laughed, but they were the witless and the unperceptive. The others, those who saw the feminine handwriting on the wall, struck back with all their force in the desperate hope that the female tide could be turned before it gathered a full head of steam.

One newspaper referred to the personnel of feminist conventions as "women's righters and preachers of such damnable doctrines and accursed heresies as would make demons of the pit shudder to hear."

James Gordon Bennett used his influential New York *Herald* to remind women that they were subject to the will of man for a reason: "By her nature, her sex, she is happier than she would be in any other condition."

An early New York requirement decreed a dressing room for female employees.

The fight for emancipation grew. It began to cut small chinks in the armor of male superiority. And once a breach was opened, whether by accident or design, a mass of feminine energy was poured in so that never again could it be closed.

So it was with little Elizabeth Blackwell. She never meant to storm the male ramparts of the medical profession. She just wanted to be a doctor. But the year was 1847, and no lady had ever before applied for admission to the Geneva Medical School of Western New York. The shocked faculty was not quite certain how to handle her request. Finally, in what must have been

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Without even a change of costume, they went from croquet to slam-bang tennis.

A vigorous golf swing was permissible but comfortable garb was unladylike.

conceived as a stroke of genius, they decided to let the all-male student body deal with Miss Blackwell's outlandish impertinence: that was the fair and democratic way, and it would put the woman effectively in her place.

Only it didn't. On the night set for the momentous debate, the facetious students uproariously decided to embarrass the faculty, intimidated the single objector into acquiescence, and voted unanimously to welcome Elizabeth Blackwell to Geneva's hallowed halls. What began as a joke ended in solemn seriousness two years later when, to practically nobody's regret, Miss Blackwell became Dr. Blackwell.

But the war of the sexes was far from over. The men closed ranks

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If they lost their dignity in a foot race, they recovered it at the finish line.

once more and took to falling back on historical precedents in support of their stand. This made nearly no impression at all on the ladies. They ignored the rules and cited the exceptions. One frustrated husband after another found himself stammering a helpless "Yes, but . . ." as the women asked the embarrassing questions:

Didn't women have the right to vote in colonial times?

Wasn't it a woman who edited and published the first newspaper to publish the text of the Declaration of Independence?

Didn't a woman act as attorney for Lord Baltimore, one of the richest men in the New World?

Didn't women pioneer the wilderness alongside their men, and bear and raise children besides?

Out of such planks and splinters were the war chariots fashioned, to be armed with a few facts, considerable intelligence, enormous courage, unlimited determination and a secret weapon—woman's timeless and irrefutable conviction that she is always right!

Every crusade has its leaders. In the struggle for equal rights, the ladies looked to Elizabeth Stanton, who flung at the male world a challenge paraphrasing the Declaration of Independence and wore bloomers as the symbol of her emancipation, and to Susan B. Anthony who passionately felt that once woman could vote, she would win equality everywhere.

Men told Miss Anthony she absolutely could not vote. They said that they would promptly arrest

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Freedom was woman's goal—and she marched toward it in a prison of whalebone.

her if she did. She did. They did.

"Not guilty!" she cried resoundingly at the trial.

"Guilty!" roared a male judge, refusing even to poll the jury. "I hereby fine you the sum of $100."

"I'll not pay a cent," declared Susan, and she never did. She went to jail for her determination, but she established, once and for all,

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Speeches and pamphlets appealed to man's mind, but a pretty ankle caught his eye.

that no one, not even a judge, can deny a woman the last word.

These were the leaders, the organizers, the General Staff. But millions of plain, everyday wives, mothers and spinster aunts were bosom-deep in the battle, too. By the 70's and 80's, girls were entering colleges through the front doors. And men, while on principle stand-

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ing four-square (block-headed, was the term women used) against the feminine invasion of a man's world, were forced to open their factories and shops and offices to them.

The telephone, having perpetrated one outrage by giving women a diabolical weapon of organization and attack, compounded the disaster by providing them with thousands of jobs. The typewriter became a battering ram with which they beat their way into business offices throughout the nation, hanging up their plumed hats and settling down to business—to stay.

And while the ladies reveled in their newfound economic freedom, the men suddenly discovered that they had won a totally unexpected advantage in the eternal struggle: they were giving the girls jobs—but only paying them half what men would have demanded!

Of course, it couldn't last. The women were only temporarily dazzled by typewriters and telephones. Quickly enough, they discovered that while heaven would protect the working girl from the mustachioed villain, it would hardly win her equal pay. And, as it was with most of the unexpected advantages on which men tried to capitalize, this one backfired disastrously. Each underpaid female became an ardent suffragette, joining, organizing, fighting and talking, talking, talking for that political equality that would enable her to attain what was rightly hers. And she was convinced that the more attention she attracted, the better.

Attention was precisely what she

A most familiar sound was the sigh of relief when a woman took her corset off.

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Mother Jones, a fiery labor leader, lived to be 100, never quit fighting.

Despite the heat of battle and urgency of their goal, women had time to be kind.

attracted. On the day before his inauguration in 1913, Woodrow Wilson drove through Washington to his hotel. There were no cheering crowds. The streets were empty.

"Where are the people?" asked the chagrined President-elect.

"Over on the Avenue, watching the suffrage parade," replied his chauffeur.

Less spectacularly but with equal persistence, woman stormed the lesser bastions of male exclusiveness. In high-button shoes and voluminous skirts, she set out for the golf links. Up to the tee she stepped and swung lustily. In years to come, Babe Didrikson Zaharias would hit the ball farther, but if it weren't for the determined ladies who had about as many skirts as golf clubs, perhaps the Babe wouldn't have gotten a chance to hit it at all.

Foot racing, broad-jumping, field events—if he can do them, came the familiar chant, so can I. Instead of lightly tapping a tennis ball across the net, she hauled off and slammed it, then raced to the net and slammed it again. When she began tripping over her long skirts, she got rid of them—and pioneered a path for Gussie Moran, a turn of events that even men came to applaud.

But there was one point at which the female defenses were vulnerable. Men charged that in her fight for "rights" and "equality," woman was losing her femininity. Husbands pointed to the mannish garb and hair styles of some of the suf-

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In the closed ranks of war, Evangeline Booth sold doughnuts for doughboys.

In films, men were her victims. Now Theda Bara sold bonds to arm them.

fragettes; they seized on the leaders who were spinsters or childless wives as horrible examples of the females' coming fate.

Some women were shocked and frightened into desisting. Others fought back in the way that women, from the time of Cleopatra, knew best. They emphasized their feminine figures. They pushed their bosoms up, tightened their waists, padded their hips. The newly-developed silk stocking, seen frequently on "accidentally" displayed ankles, proved that femininity was here to stay.

Soon after World War I, woman had, at long last, won the right to vote. She promptly proved her "equality" by affecting no violent political change. She was experimenting with make-up, wearing only dresses that showed her legs.

For some obscure reason, she suddenly decided that her figure should be flat and shapeless, like a boy's. And, like the "boys," she kicked up her heels and laughed her way through the wonderful 1920's. She played the stock market and swam the English Channel. Demanding more freedom, she longed for a Valentino to sweep her into subjugation. And when she was unhappy about anything, the new fad, psychoanalysis, let her blame it all on her traditionally dominating male parent.

Playing through the 20's, struggling through the 30's, she neared her goal. She ran for and was elected to the House of Representatives, the Senate, in some states even to the Governorship. In the all-out

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Chorus lines were sure-fire house-packers, no matter how coy and demure.

effort of World War II, she did her full share. It was a hard battle but it suited her perfectly—it was the kind she was used to.

Wearing a uniform that was a compromise between the military and the feminine, she released soldiers for front-line duty. Wearing coveralls and slacks, she bolted tanks and riveted planes. But in the pictures she sent to Africa and Iwo, she was sweetly exciting, like the perfume she sprinkled on her letters. And when Johnny came marching home, she was there, ready and waiting, to love and cherish him—and to take up the eternal battle where she had left it off!

Now she has won her place in the world, and maybe even made the world a little better. Government, industry, science, the professions—all have felt the impact of her dainty hand, all have been molded by that mind so like, yet so unlike, man's own.

To the American male who finds "Yes, dear," one of his automatic responses, who defers to her choice and judgment in the naming of baby and the choice of his neckties, the battle has long been over. The women have won. And perhaps when the nation's chief executive is addressed as "Madame President," the ladies will agree.

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Men of the 1920's adored Texas Guinan; women secretly admired her daring.

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Despite the struggle, all agreed that motherhood was woman at her best.

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The Oliviers Live Their Own Love Story

by **RICHARD GEHMAN**

TWO GENERATIONS AGO, in the homes of the happily married, connubial bliss was often symbolized by cross-stitched wall mottoes, such as "God Bless Our Home" or "Home Sweet Home." However, typical couples in our time like to put their nicknames on useful objects, such as paper towels, napkins and book matches.

Now Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, can hardly be regarded as a "typical" married couple. Called England's most versatile actor, he can deliver a superb performance in anything from Shakespearean tragedy to light modern comedy; and her Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" will be remembered as long as the film remains unfogged.

In 1947, in recognition of his talents' value to the Empire, Olivier was dubbed Sir Laurence by the late King George VI, and accordingly she became Lady Olivier. Their income from acting and producing enterprises this year will go well into six figures.

Yet despite their stardom, and despite a working schedule that would sorely strain a pair of truck horses, Laurence and Vivien Olivier have managed to remain a fairly normal, happily married couple. Their living quarters, in England and in America, are scattered with green matchbooks bearing the legend, "Vivien and Larry."

Marriages among the high-strung people of the stage are ordinarily about as stable as gelatin dessert. The Oliviers are astonishingly exceptional. After 17 years of knowing each other and 12 of marriage, they are still deeply in love. Their con-

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formity to familiar matrimonial customs is borne out in every facet of their lives, even in pet names. To him, she is "Puss" or "Pussy"; she calls him "Ba" or "Baba."

Some time ago a confirmed bachelor friend of the couple stopped visiting them for no apparent reason. "Why don't we see you around the Oliviers' any more?" another friend asked.

"To tell you the truth, they make me nervous," the bachelor said. "They act so blasted loving, you'd think there was something to this marriage nonsense after all!"

The two are affectionate without being overly demonstrative. They treat each other with tenderness and respect, tinged with humor. He is 45, six and a half years her senior, and sometimes teases her as he might a child. She, on the other hand, supplies him with a reserve of strength and affirmation at times when he needs it most.

Olivier, though a dreamer and a romantic, is a good businessman; she is basically level-headed, but prefers to leave business matters to her husband. Last Winter they brought their twin productions of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" and Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" to New York, following a triumphant run at the Festival of Britain. A friend originally had suggested that they do the double bill, and at first they treated his suggestion as a joke.

Later, one morning in Paris, Olivier sat up in bed and said, "You know, Puss, I believe we *could* do it." His wife regarded him with genuine amusement.

"Now, now, dear boy," she said, "you had too much to eat last night. You probably have a temperature or something. Lie still and it will all go away."

The Oliviers' performances in the two plays were acclaimed later, by critics and enthusiastic audiences, as the finest in their careers. Today, Miss Leigh admits that her original response may have been a bit hasty, but she is still inclined to exercise caution in dealing with her husband's brilliant impulses.

The couple's personalities and tastes complement each other beautifully. They play tennis, at which he beats her most of the time, and canasta, in which she evens things up. They both love the version of charades called "The Game"; he is better at acting out the titles, but she guesses the answers more readily. Both are fond of working in the garden of their country place, a small 13th-century abbey a few miles from London.

In the city, the Oliviers have a home in Chelsea, London's Greenwich Village, a six-room white house with red geraniums in window boxes. Furnished with a haphazard collection of antiques and modern pieces which they have accumulated over a period of years, it looks, according to one friend, "like Larry and Vivien."

Wherever they are, they get along with a minimum of servants. Garson Kanin, a close friend of long standing, recalls that during the war in London, while both Oliviers were working in films, they frequently had six week-end guests and invited a dozen more people to lunch or supper on Sunday.

"Vivien did it all," Kanin says. "She got up a half-hour before everybody else and went to bed an

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hour later—and in that way managed to do all the housework, cooking and dishwashing."

Like most married couples, the Oliviers have had their share of financial ups and downs. But in 1945, tragedy of more serious proportions threatened the Oliviers. After making the film of "Caesar and Cleopatra," Miss Leigh was exhausted. A series of checkups revealed that she was suffering from tuberculosis, and she was forced to go away for a long rest. During this time, Olivier was inconsolable; he threw himself into his work with such vigor that friends half-expected him to become sick himself.

"You've never seen a man as happy as Larry the day that she was discharged," a friend says.

Today Miss Leigh is completely recovered, but she occasionally suffers throat ailments, a natural theatrical occupational hazard. Her white skin and fragile body are deceptive, actually, she has the energy of an eager bride and the efficiency of a grandmother.

Although Olivier is chiefly known for heavy tragic roles, he displays an agile wit in his relationships with people. After the London ceremonies at which he was knighted, a friend asked him how it had gone.

"I was nervous, old boy," Olivier said. "No rehearsals!"

Sometimes, in informal evenings with close friends, Olivier throws the assemblage into laughter with imitations of pompous figures of English stage and political life. This does not mean that he has no respect for the Empire; he is a loyal son of his native country. When King George VI died, he stepped to the front of the stage at the conclusion of his performance and asked the all-American audience to join in singing *God Save the Queen.*

The Oliviers' blood is suffused with the theatrical virus the way the ordinary person's is with hemoglobin, and as actors, they tend to be competitive with all other actors, including each other. Yet their devotion has transcended the thespian temperament, to a degree.

The Oliviers' competition might be likened to that of old friends who raise prize dogs. Each tries to outdo the other in producing ribbon-winners, because they love and wish to improve the breed. The couple knows that if each turns in the best possible performance, it will ultimately benefit the production.

THERE IS one way in which the Oliviers differ from stage people in general, the majority of whom possess a profound admiration for their own physical characteristics. Both of them are strikingly handsome. His face is lordly, overcast with an habitual expression of moodiness and Olympian despair; hers is delicately carved, a near-ideal setting for her magnetic green eyes.

While ordinary humans might be excessively proud to own such features, Sir Laurence and his Lady affect the most profound despair in discussing them.

"Larry isn't fond of his face at all," Kanin has said. "Look at the way he's constantly putting on all those noses, blacking out his teeth, and otherwise disfiguring himself. I often think he deliberately chooses parts that require a lot of make-up."

Miss Leigh frequently refers to her hands as "my big paws." And she is on record as hating her neck,

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which she believes too long. This conviction has caused her to send back many costumes which she felt did not emphasize her better points.

The Oliviers' candor about their respective physiognomies extends even to their performances. "You were excellent tonight, Puss," Olivier said to his wife one evening. "Why," she said considering, "yes, I suppose I was." But each is equally self-critical when need be.

Cast members recall the night in London when they observed Miss Leigh, bowing and smiling for her curtain call, cursing in whispers like a Foreign Legionnaire. She was very tired, and felt that she had not been up to par.

She trembles when she hears mention of "Romeo and Juliet," but although she admits that she was not at her best in that one, she wants to try it again some time. And both she and her husband are embarrassed about a British-made film called "Twenty-One Days Together," in which their acting consisted mainly of staring unhappily over an ocean liner's rail.

"That one was so bad," says Sir Laurence, with an objectivity rarely found in any actor, "that they had to retake it before they put it permanently on the shelf."

The Oliviers met by accident in the lobby of a London hotel in 1935. Each was still married, although separated—Miss Leigh was the wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, a lawyer, and Olivier was the spouse of Jill Esmond, an actress.

By the first marriage, he has a son, Tarquin, and she a daughter, Suzanne. Olivier attended St. Edward's, Oxford, and showed such talent as early as 15 that the famous Ellen Terry, one of Britain's great ladies of the stage, who saw him in a Shakespeare festival, prophesied a great future. His first important engagements were with the Birmingham Repertory Company, from 1926 to 1928, and his abilities were so demonstrable that from then on, he seldom lacked for parts.

Miss Leigh, daughter of a broker, was born in India and educated in England, Italy, Germany and France. She studied at the Comedié Française and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and made her film debut in England in 1934. She did not emerge as a stage actress, however, until 1935.

"There are only two things in my life which I am absolutely certain I would do over," Miss Leigh has said. "The first is that I should become an actress—the second, that I should marry Laurence Olivier."

Although they began seeing each other as frequently as possible in 1936, when they were making a number of films, they were not able to get married until 1940, when their divorces came through almost simultaneously. Meanwhile, Olivier was accidentally instrumental in getting his wife the part for which she is best known.

In 1939, when they were working in Hollywood, Olivier one night took his future wife to see the filming of the burning of Atlanta for the forthcoming "Gone with the Wind." For months, producer David Selznick had been seeking a girl for the part of Scarlett. As Miss

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Leigh was watching the leaping flames, an agent saw her and pointed her out to the producer.

The agent happened to be Myron Selznick, David's brother. Next day he persuaded David to hire her for the role.

Originally, the Oliviers had planned to be married in England, since both are British to the core. When notified that they were free, however, they couldn't wait. One night, impulsively, they called up Kanin and told him they had to see him immediately.

Kanin, then a frequent escort of Katharine Hepburn's, was having dinner with her and was annoyed. "What for?"

"Don't ask questions, old man," said Olivier. "Come!"

Kanin excused himself from Miss Hepburn's presence and hurried to the Olivier apartment, where the happy pair greeted him with the announcement that they were planning to be married that very evening.

"We're doing it at Ronald Colman's ranch in Santa Barbara," Olivier said. "Colman's caretaker is arranging everything."

Together the three set out, Olivier driving. Since he is a fast driver, Kanin became so nervous that, in an effort to cut the pace, he began grousing about having had to leave Miss Hepburn.

"Larry," said Miss Leigh, "let's go back and get her."

Arriving at the Hepburn home, they found she had gone to bed. Nothing daunted, Olivier roused her, and she, after uttering a few of the celebrated Hepburn expletives, agreed to go along.

By then it was nearly midnight. Colman's caretaker had called in a justice of the peace. As the justice was about to begin the ceremony, Miss Leigh, carried away by the occasion and the beauty of the night, suggested that they move to the patio. So they all trooped out, and the bride and groom pledged their vows under a starlit sky.

Olivier, who had insisted upon utmost secrecy for the ceremony, then astonished the gathering by calling up Russell Birdwell, the noted Hollywood publicity man. "I just wanted you to know that we've been married," he said. "Keep it quiet, will you please, like a good fellow? That's a good chap!"

This really was nothing more than the actor in Sir Laurence coming to the fore. As it turned out, he was disappointed. Next morning, while he and Miss Leigh were breakfasting, he turned on the news broadcast.

Birdwell evidently had remained a good fellow; there was no mention of the marriage. At half-hour intervals throughout the day, Miss Leigh noticed her new husband listening to the news reports with an expression of studied indifference.

Late in the afternoon, he could stand it no longer. "Good Heavens," he exclaimed, "you'd suppose they'd *mention* it, wouldn't you?"

The Oliviers tell such stories with the good humor that characterizes well adjusted, comfortable people who are dedicated to a common interest. Their marriage is one of the phenomena of our time, surviving as it has the combined drive of two strong personalities.

In addition to their own roles, both are interested in two producing companies, Laurence Olivier Productions, and the St. James

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Players, the latter group named for the theater in which they have their London headquarters. They hope ultimately to establish a permanent repertory company, in which both will act two or three times a week, solely for the purpose of working less and getting to see more of each other at home.

One night last winter, an acquaintance, sitting with the Oliviers in a dressing room at the Ziegfeld Theater in New York, asked them bluntly why they thought their marriage had lasted and why they expected it to last. Each thought a moment before replying.

"I think it is her optimistic attitude, as opposed to my natural pessimism," Sir Laurence said, his face characteristically serious. "When something dreadful happens, she is at first in despair—but then her natural optimism sustains her—and sustains me. As things get worse for me, she seems to become stronger and stronger."

"And I," said Miss Leigh, "believe it has lasted because, in a way, we are opposites. He takes a crisis lightly to begin with, faces it with typical British stolidity, but then gradually descends into the lower depths. We seem to go together, you know, to make up a whole."

Later, an intimate of the Oliviers was asked what he thought of their answers. "It's true," he said. Then he thought for a moment. "But there is one other fact," he added. "It seems an obvious thing to mention, but here it is.

"Laurence and Vivien Olivier, no matter what they do, no matter where they go or what honors they receive, in the films or in the theater or in any other medium, from now on to the end of their lives together will always be happily and deliriously—lovers."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Are Specialists Ruining Medicine?" by Evelyn Barkins

A physician's wife bluntly warns that too many patients are being misled by the current fad for "wonder doctors." More often than not, the old-fashioned general practitioner is best for you and your family.

"New Ways to Save on Your Income Tax," by Ralph Wallace

Don't rush to pay Uncle Sam this March 15th—until you have taken *all* the legal deductions that you are entitled to. This timely article shows how strict attention to the new tax laws may save you lots of money.

"Husbands and Wives Must Have Secrets," by Olive Clapper

A reasonable amount of discretion is necessary to every marital relationship, says a noted woman writer who learned the lesson by making her own marriage a happy one.

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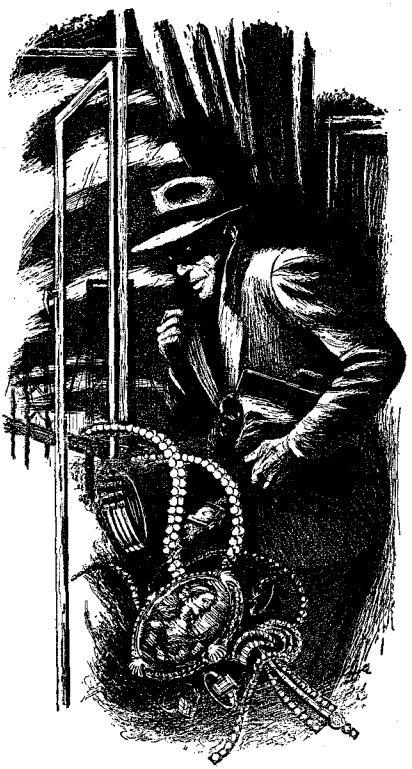
The Phantom Burglar of San Francisco



by JOHN NOBLE

Mystery still shrouds the barefoot thief who baffled police with his daring hauls

A TYPICAL WINTER FOG dripped in from San Francisco Bay on the night of December 28, 1939. It billowed through the Oakland hills, shrouding wooded estates near the Claremont Country Club, obscuring street lights, and causing honest householders to latch their windows.

Out of the fog that night crept a ghostly pilferer—a cat-footed man of the mists—to leave his mark as the most weirdly fantastic burglar the West has ever known.

About 1:30 A.M. at a home on Bowling Drive, the man of the house awoke and stirred uneasily. He recognized the redwood tree brushing his roof tiles, then other familiar night noises of his high-hedged estate.

One sound, a muffled rattle at a ground-floor window, persisted. He seized a pistol and crept downstairs. A shadow pressed on a pane.

"Who is it?" he challenged.

The figure melted backward into the dripping mist as the man fired three times at point-blank range. Only the tinkle of broken glass answered him.

By daylight it seemed like a bad dream. "I can't believe it," he told police. "My dog surely saw the prowler—yet didn't bark. I couldn't have missed three shots that close. But there wasn't a drop of blood out there—just these prints of a man's bare feet under the window."

Three nights later, there was another set of barefoot tracks under a balcony on Roble Road. Again there were dogs strangely silent and a wraithlike prowling of an occupied house. Two more nights and another householder awakened to

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see the phantom drifting through his window and scrambling down a wisteria vine.

In a year and a half, striking on stormy nights, the ghostly burglar picked up $250,000 in cash and jewelry from 200 homes in the San Francisco area alone. He roved as far north as Portland, Oregon, always choosing wealthy victims. One estimate of his accumulated loot is a cool million dollars, the greater part of it fine jewelry.

Adding to the enigma, in the 13 years since he first struck, not one piece of that fabulous hoard has reappeared in mortal hands!

THERE WERE other mysteries. He left barefoot prints by the dozen on hardwood floors, concrete walks and in flower beds, but not one fingerprint. He was shot at half a dozen times, but apparently no bullet hit him. He was seen a score of times, yet no man could describe him.

One night he crept through the home of a Piedmont attorney while the family slept, and stole $13,500 in jewels. Two nervous dogs nearly tore the uniforms off police in the morning, but barked not a note while the prowler was there. This inexplicable unearthly influence over dogs tantalized the top police brains of 20 cities.

The wraith also was a gem expert who never took an imitation; a will-o'-the-wisp who frequently pulled threads of silence through burglar alarms; a felonious psychologist who demonstrated knowledge of people's personal habits previously unnoted in police manuals.

He toyed with traps. On the night of November 22, 1940, forty hand-picked officers from Oakland, Berkeley and Piedmont, flanked by trained Doberman-pinscher dogs, lay in ambush. Sometime after midnight, the phantom infiltrated the cordon and found an unlocked door in the home of William H. Sellander, shipping company executive.

While the hidden officers waited, four persons slept peacefully as he calmly prowled the darkened house. He took Sellander's trousers from a chair in the master bedroom and his wallet from his coat, carried them downstairs, deliberately drew up a chair and sorted the contents with the aid of a pencil flashlight. Tossing the trousers behind a piano and the wallet under a chair, he returned to another bedroom and got a lady's purse.

Still undiscovered at 1:40 A.M., he happened to rattle the knob of Mrs. Sellander's door. She screamed and he fled down the main staircase and out a side door previously opened for the getaway. As he ran, he methodically sorted the purse, removing $35 in currency.

The mansion erupted lights and officers dug for their guns. Three failed to see the fleet shadow cross their posts.

One week later, in Berkeley, police were again staked out. Patrolman Charles O'Meara, a crack shot, crouched under a bridge overlooking a creek bed. His champion Doberman, Smokey von Palanka, trembled at his knee. The night was frosty and O'Meara rose to flex cramped muscles just as a shadowy figure materialized 150 feet away. A pebble rattled under the dog's foot. Instantly alerted, the figure vanished.

"Halt!" cried O'Meara. He fired

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one shot and released the dog. "Get 'im, Smokey! Get 'im!"

Policemen converged with guns drawn. The creek flared bright as day in the glare of fire-department searchlights, and the area was circled like a barrel. The Doberman came trotting back, cheerfully wagging its stumpy tail.

The barefoot burglar had disappeared into the night again.

Hours later they learned how. He had skittered down a quarter-mile of the creek, then underground with it in a culvert for another half-mile, and out into the grounds of a Catholic seminary. There he picked up a bicycle and rode away.

A few nights later he was back in Piedmont for a big ladder, which he carried almost 600 yards across a deep canyon to reach the bedroom of a prominent surgeon. Here he prowled 11 rooms and was leaving when he stepped on a creaky stair. In the alarm that followed, he ducked down a manhole and fled through storm sewers, while police hunted.

Berkeley's detectives made an international search for any odor the phantom might have devised to disarm dogs. They took plaster casts of his footprints to the anthropology department of the University of California, and did an exhaustive study of feet. All to no avail—and the burglar ransacked 14 homes close by.

Once he carried away a 35-pound safe, another time mistakenly took a suit laid out for the cleaners. Often he paused to drink milk from his victim's refrigerator.

From his *modus operandi* sheet, meanwhile, painstaking investigators constructed his image, a faceless paper man with certain peculiar preferences in burglary. They could almost anticipate which house he would attack next. One night they thought they had it, and a hasty cordon was thrown around a "hot area" in St. James Wood. With complete inconsistency, the burglar robbed houses a mile or so away.

The man they had built to mathematical formula didn't fit. They simply could not interpolate his psychic planning and inhuman luck.

THERE WERE countless suspects. An advertising distributor was brought in handcuffed. A morning newspaper circulator had to account for his movements. A policeman's son and a millionaire's son, domestic workers, window-washers, floor-polishers and, at one time, three participating patrolmen came under suspicion. And the burglar worked on at will.

Chief William J. Pflaum of Piedmont, the city hardest hit, roamed night after night with a Doberman as his sole companion, pondering the uncanny business of the dogs. "I bought a dog book for $7.50, studied everything I could," he admitted later, "and all it told me was that a dog wouldn't attack an insane person."

No policeman considered the barefoot burglar insane. From him, they had learned that, basically, floor plans of all homes are the same, and that American families going to bed have a pretty definite pattern of laying out valuables, opening windows, turning off lights and drifting to sleep.

On the night of June 14, 1941, as the season for sunny days and clear nights set in, the phantom

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struck twice in Los Altos, getting $13,000 in cash and jewelry. As always, no one heard a sound, no dogs barked, and it wasn't until the victims awoke the next morning that they discovered the visitation.

Police found the usual barefoot tracks. The sun quickly melted the fog. The tracks steamed dry and vanished from the earth. And so, apparently, did the phantom burglar.

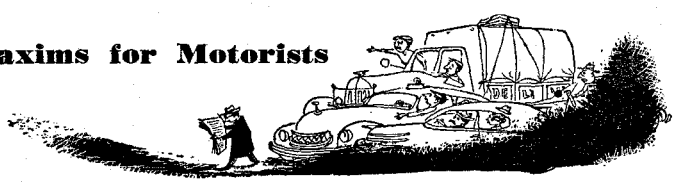
In the 11 years since he disappeared, police have checked the records of 100,000 known burglars, have drawn and redrawn their picture of him, and memorized every detail on the reels of microfilm that record his strange career. Still the mystery remains.

Was he, perhaps, a rich man intent on committing the perfect crime, who now sits back laughing up his sleeve? Some sleuths believe the barefoot burglar was a woman —young and adventuresome—who had her fling and now contentedly raises a family with never a thought of the fortune she cached. Some police officials, mindful of the million-dollar loot, insist footprints should be taken of every man behind bars in this country.

Many criminologists theorize that the barefoot burglar was a young man who went to war in 1941—Pearl Harbor followed his last known job by just six months—and lies under a white cross, identified only as a hero who died in his country's service. Or was so badly wounded he never again could perform the acrobatic feats that made him a wraith among men.

A multitude of theories keep the mystery of the barefoot burglar alive, for investigators still can't forget that fabulous fortune in jewels that has never been touched. Surely it is hidden in some place more material than the fog.

Maxims for Motorists



THAT ANNOYING rattle in the rear of your car can be easily eliminated by making her sit in the front seat.
—PRISCILLA KENNETH

TO SEE SOME of today's motorists drive, you would think they owned their cars. —*General Features Corp.*

WHEN A WOMAN driver puts her hand out, you may be sure of one thing—the window is open. —*Sunshine Magazine*

MANY A WOMAN seems to rely solely upon her intuition when backing a car into a parking space. —*Grit*

WHEN A WOMAN driver gives you more than half the road, she is probably parked. —FRANKLIN P. JONES

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"I'll Take the Low Road"

by TED MALONE

IN 1745, when the fighting men of Scotland followed Bonnie Prince Charlie to war, many of them ended their adventure behind bars in the grim gray Castle in Carlisle.

Among the kilted prisoners in that chilly English prison were two young Scotsmen who had been friends all their lives in the bleak, heather-covered hill country around Loch Lomond. They had even been in love with the same girl. Now they were in prison together, but one was among a group of prisoners who soon were to be freed and allowed to return to their homes, and the other was not.

The unlucky young soldier who was not destined to be freed wanted desperately to send a message to the girl he loved, but he had no pen and no paper. And then an idea came to him.

Next morning, he astounded the silent Scotsmen in the dungeon by singing a song, an old familiar melody that his sweetheart loved, with new words and a haunting chorus: "Oh, you'll take the high road and I'll take the Low Road, and I'll be in Scotland before you."

Day after day he sang his song, improving a word here, a line there, but leaving the chorus unchanged. When the time came for the luckier prisoners to be released, they all knew the song by heart—his message of devotion for the girl he loved.

He knew she would hear his best friend sing it some day, and she would understand, for the song was a message. And yet, how could he promise to be in Scotland before his comrades-in-arms, who had left him behind in prison?

To a Scotsman, the Low Road is a special road home—a magic underground way by which the spirit of a Scot who dies in a foreign land returns to his home and his love for always.

The young soldier who wrote the song knew that he was going to be executed, that he would never live to take the High Road home across the border. So he sent his last message to the girl he loved in a song that would live in the hearts of people everywhere—the song we know today as "Loch Lomond."

Ted Malone stars on the Ted Malone Show, *ABC radio network, Monday through Friday.*

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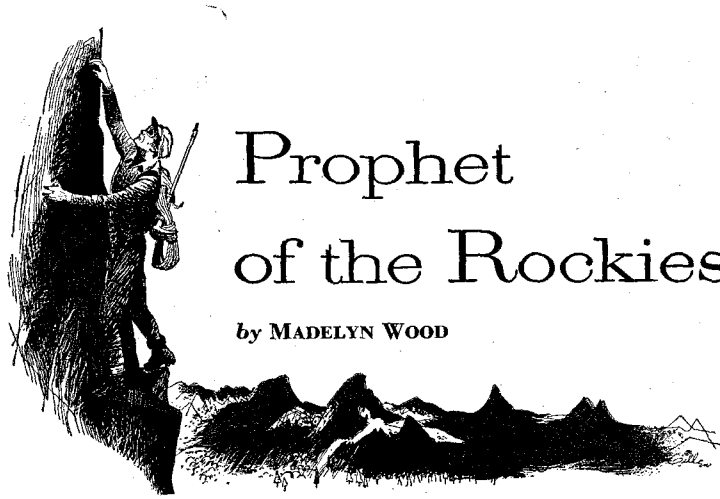

Prophet of the Rockies

by MADELYN WOOD

Enos Mills dared death to preserve a national park for America

THE MAN SCALING the glittering white slopes of a towering peak in the Colorado Rockies knew he should stop. His mountaineer's sense of danger told him this, for with his snow glasses lost, the dazzling world around him could become a place of horror from which he could not escape. Yet the stark grandeur of his surroundings and a powerful force within drove him irresistibly on in his exploration.

Then he sat down to rest. A flash of pain brought his hands to his eyes. He fought back the instinct to claw at them, to force them open. For they were closed, the swollen eyeballs gripped tightly by the lids. He was snow-blind.

It was a moment for panic. Here he was at the top of a 12,000-foot mountain. Below him lay jagged rocks, tortured canyons and dense forests, with no human habitation within miles. No one knew he was there, so no searching parties would be sent out. He must find his way down alone.

Tapping his stick before him, he started the terrible descent, confident that somehow he would come out alive. His fumbling progress was a wild nightmare of unseen dangers. The minutes slowly became hours, and the hours, incredibly, turned into days, and still the man fought on. He floundered through drifts, fell off cliffs, plunged hip-deep into icy streams, barely escaped a roaring avalanche, half-froze in the sub-zero cold, all the while tormented by hunger and the fiery agony of his blinded eyes.

The story of that strange and terrifying journey in darkness is one of the most incredible adventures in the history of mountaineering. It would have seemed that there could be only one ending for the blinded man—a lonely death on the high white slopes. Yet after three terror-filled days, the slight, bearded figure

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stumbled into a settler's clearing. Another legend was added to the already fabulous record of Enos Mills, Prophet of the Rockies.

It was about 50 years ago that the world first began to hear of Enos Mills. Colorado prospectors told strange tales of a lonely mountain wanderer who climbed unscalable peaks and lived in the wilderness without gun, food or even blankets. Newspapermen, only half-believing, began to check up and found that, far from being exaggerated, the stories were short of the truth. For during the 30 years that Mills roved his beloved mountains as miner, prospector, guide, innkeeper and, finally, as a world-famed naturalist, his passion for observing nature under all conditions made him forget all danger to himself.

Once, watching a forest fire at close range, he waited until it surrounded him, then escaped only by floundering down a river. On another wilderness venture, he was trapped on an icy ledge on the face of Colorado's towering Longs Peak. He could not go back up the cliff he had descended, while below was a sheer rock wall dropping nearly 1,000 feet to icy Chasm Lake.

His predicament seemed hopeless. As Mills crouched there on the ledge, desperately trying to see a way out of his dilemma, he heard the deadly roar of an avalanche approaching. Always before, it had been a sound to be feared, but this time Mills saw it as his one chance for escape.

As the tons of rock and snow rushed past him, he daringly leaped onto it. Miraculously, he was not buried alive. Somehow he managed to ride the avalanche to the bottom of the chasm, escaping with only a few cuts and bruises.

Though Mills' daring exploits were enough in themselves to win him notoriety, he did not like to be thought of as an adventurer. To him, narrow escapes were a minor part of the greater adventure of observing nature's wonders in the Rockies, an experience he shared with thousands of people whom he guided through his beloved mountains, and with millions of others all over the world who read his vivid nature books.

Mills, a shy, retiring man, never asked for fame—only for recognition of the Rockies as a playground for America. He would feel it reward enough to know that last year, 1,250,000 vacationers from all over America visited Rocky Mountain National Park. The 400 square-mile area, with 65 mountain peaks, each more than 10,000 feet high, its glacier-fed torrents, glittering alpine lakes and wildflower-covered mountain meadows, is a living monument to the vision of Enos Mills. At a time when its beauty was threatened, it was he who fought a single-handed battle to preserve this magnificent area for the people of the U. S.

Strangely enough, Mills' career began far away on a California beach, where a chance meeting with a fellow nature-lover determined the course of his life. As a sickly Kansas boy of 14, Mills had gone west to Colorado in 1884, where he built a cabin on the slopes of Longs Peak. As he had hoped, the mountain air helped to restore his health, but he saw no way of making a living in this remote mountain fastness. After working as

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a miner in Montana, he enrolled in a San Francisco business school.

Spending every spare minute outdoors, he was wandering along the beach one day when a tall, white-haired man asked him why he was so interested in a plant he had been examining intently. Mills' answer brought a smile to the man's face and the comment that instead of going to business school, Mills should be devoting himself to studying nature. The man was John Muir, famed West Coast naturalist.

AFTER more inspiring talks with Muir, young Mills went back to the Rockies, fired with a determination to devote his life to telling other people about nature. It would be hard, for he had no formal training—not even a high-school education. Yet somehow, he must learn to write and speak well enough to reach people, as Muir was doing.

Although lacking in scientific knowledge, he must learn geology, botany and meteorology well enough to satisfy exacting scientists. And amazingly, Mills accomplished all this and more. Between 1900 and 1920, he wrote a dozen books that fascinated millions, went on scores of nationwide lecture tours, and attracted world attention for his observations of nature.

His love of mountains led him on a global odyssey. He adventured in the European Alps, climbed Vesuvius in Italy, scrambled over glaciers in Alaska, wandered through California's high Sierra Nevada and Washington's wild Cascades, and walked thousands of miles through the Appalachians. Yet never did he abandon his conviction that the Rockies are the most beautiful mountains in the world. He always returned to them to guide thousands of people up the slopes of Longs Peak, along the trail which he had marked out.

This mighty 14,000-foot mountain, which had always seemed formidable, became one of the most frequently climbed in America; Mills once proved the ease of the climb by guiding an eight-year-old girl to the summit. Mills himself, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by his dog, often climbed the peak twice a day, ascending it in every month of the year and at every hour of the day and night.

In the more than 250 parties he took to the top, no one was ever seriously injured. Mills always tried hard to convince people that the world of nature was a wonderfully safe place for everyone.

His own adventures, which seemed to contradict his assertion, were nearly all the result of his overwhelming thirst for knowledge. One Winter, he set up an air-meter in Granite Pass, 12,000 feet high on Longs Peak. When a high wind came up, Mills started to ascend the mountain. Emerging from the shelter of trees at timber line, he was met by a furious burst of wind and a volley of gravel.

Cut and bleeding, he went on fighting his way upward. When he neared the wind gauge, the fury of the wind increased. This time it literally picked him up and smashed him to the ground. Bruised and shaken he lay for a moment, then struggled to his feet, only to be hurled down again.

From then on he crawled, inching forward on hands and knees. At last he reached the buzzing meter,

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which was whirling wildly. Drawing himself up, Mills blinked the tears out of his eyes and stared at the gauge—170 miles an hour!

In the early years of this century, Mills was horrified at what was happening to his beloved wilderness. "Extensive areas of primeval forests are being misused and ruined," he wrote. "Sawmills are humming and cattle are in the wild gardens. The once-numerous big game has been hunted out of existence and the picturesque beavers are almost gone."

Mills had a glowing vision of a way to stop the ruin of the wilderness and give Americans a chance to enjoy the Rockies. The region around Estes Park should be made a national park. With its rushing streams, sky-blue lakes, white peaks, deep canyons, forests and wildflowers, it would provide a breathtaking sample of the Rockies at their best.

Mills set out to tell America of his dream. He talked to thousands of people at schools, churches and clubhouses in every state in the Union. He made repeated trips to Washington to buttonhole politicians. He wrote articles for newspapers and magazines. It was an exhausting, expensive fight that went on for years. His earnings from his Longs Peak inn and his books on nature could not keep pace. Once, stranded in New York, he took a job as a reporter to carry him over.

He had many enemies. Angry miners, cattlemen and lumbermen denounced him, though he patiently explained that the area he wanted set aside for the Park was useless to them. But at last, in 1912, President Taft, impressed by Mills' crusade, sent out the geologist from the Department of Interior. He came back with a glowing report. Still, the Park bill gathered dust in Washington while Mills kept on with his campaign.

Finally, in 1915, the bill establishing Rocky Mountain National Park was passed. With his own great dream realized, Mills never stopped fighting for the preservation of other wilderness areas. Conservationists everywhere knew they could count on him to join their battles. But his constant traveling in his nationwide crusade was a sacrifice for Mills. Eventually, his unselfish efforts cost him his life. For ironically, this man, who had risked his life hundreds of times in the wilderness, was fatally weakened by injuries received in a subway accident in New York City.

That was in 1922, but today, if you talk to old-timers in the high land that he loved best, you will find yourself imagining that somewhere in the blue heights, the lonely figure of Enos Mills is still daring the elements.

Know Your Slang

(Answers to quiz on page 101)

1. c; 2. b; 3. a; 4. c; 5. a; 6. b; 7. b; 8. b. 9. a; 10. b; 11. b; 12. c; 13. a; 14. b; 15. a; 16. b; 17. a; 18. b; 19. b; 20. b.

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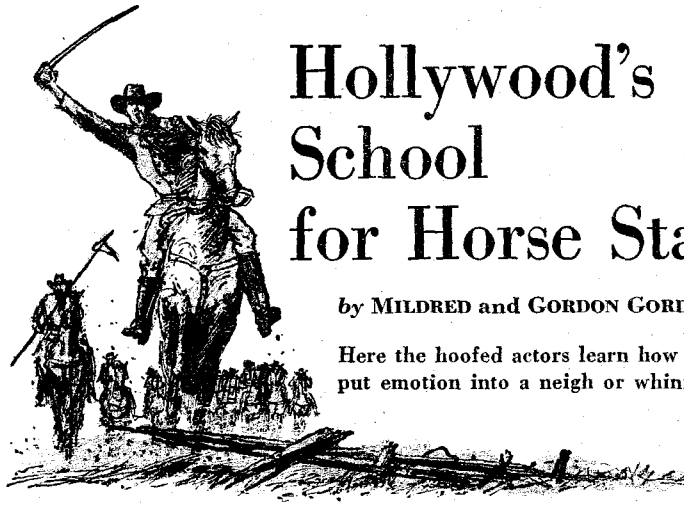

Hollywood's School for Horse Stars

by MILDRED and GORDON GORDON

Here the hoofed actors learn how to put emotion into a neigh or whinny

IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, California, there's a dramatic school where the students are the potential horse stars of the movies. They study much the same curriculum as the glamorous young starlets of the studio stock schools.

Upon graduation, though, the horses earn more. They will draw $250 a week and up, while the starlets get only $75.

Founded 25 years ago on a ranch near North Hollywood by the Hudkins brothers—Clyde, Ace and Ode—the school has graduated more than 2,000 pupils who have played important film roles. They have carried Errol Flynn to victory in battle, helped Randolph Scott open up the West, aided Alan Ladd in his exploits, and often saved Gary Cooper from the outlaws with a well-timed whinny of warning. In some of the most memorable of horse scenes, 600 of them once galloped through "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The school resulted from Hollywood's discovery that horses pay as good profits, sometimes better, than pretty legs. "Banner," "Trigger" and "Stardust" have added millions to their studios' income. The school has a current enrollment of 40 horse stars and 160 extras, plus a faculty of nine, with Clyde Hudkins and his brothers as "deans."

A big man with a long, smooth stride, Clyde looks like a cattle baron of the Old West. He's in his fifties, has graying hair, and is soft-spoken and quiet. Only when he begins talking horses do his eyes light up.

"We've been around them all our lives," he said. "Our dad ran a livery stable in Nebraska."

The brothers drifted West in the early Twenties. In Hollywood they laid out a polo field, and eventually began crossing mallets with such

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film executives as Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck.

One day Zanuck and Warner began talking about the need for trained movie horses, and that gave the brothers the idea of founding a dramatic school.

They started classes in 1927 with one pupil. Today the school sprawls over a desertlike countryside.

As in any drama school, an important part of the curriculum is the teaching of emotional expression—the enactment of love, joy, grief or terror. In one scene, a horse may have to show affection for the heroine by nudging her, and in the next, hatred for the villain by trying to bite him.

"We teach them signals," says Hudkins. "I use my arms as semaphores. That way I can stand behind the camera, never say a word, and signal the horse that he must stay where he is, charge into the camera, paw the earth, rear up, or do whatever the script calls for."

The horses learn such signals quickly, but six months are needed to turn out a finished actor. Basic training consists of learning "to toe the mark." Like human actors, they must walk toward the camera and stop on a marker. If they overshoot the line, they will be out of focus.

"We use twigs for markers, and the horses stop on them every time, almost to the inch."

On the training field, Hudkins talks to a horse in a voice so low bystanders can't hear. Above all, he seeks the confidence and friendship of the animal. "If I get upset, the horse does, too, and then he doesn't learn."

Hudkins insists on frequent rest periods for his pupils. "When they're concentrating on signals, they become irritable. They need a break now and then."

The school also keeps on the lookout for good "voices." Any old whinny won't do. "Recently we had to find a horse for a highly dramatic scene that had timbre and depth to his neigh," Hudkins recalls. "We tested a score before we found the right one. Many horses that are photogenic wheeze like asthmatics."

BESIDES SERVING as the school's dean, Hudkins also acts as Hollywood's equine talent scout. Once a year he sets forth to cover the country's horse markets. He looks for good health, spirit, intelligence and photogenic qualities. Hundreds of horses, like humans, meet all the specifications except the last.

He pays $500 and up for his discoveries. If a pupil clicks at the box office, as "Stormy" did, his worth may soar as high as $100,000.

The Hudkins brothers own most of the 200 horses they are now training. Only rarely does a studio or star buy a horse outright. Moviemakers prefer to sign their cast horses as they need them.

Some of the horses earning big money are unknowns. There is "Zane," whom Hudkins thinks is the greatest fighting horse of all. Now 27, he has been working in movies for 20 years as the "stunt man" of the horse world.

He often doubles for stars when they become too temperamental to handle. He fought a bear in *Red Stallion* and an elk in another of the series. He doubled for another equine star, fighting a lion.

A gentle and friendly soul in private life, he never looks the same

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twice on the screen, since he is always dyed to match the color of the horse star. Usually he's painted with showcard ink.

Because of strict regulations set forth by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the school's graduates receive more care on the sets than do two-legged actors. Horsemen like to recall the cold blustery day when the horse star was bedded down in a warm comfortable stable between each "take," while his two-legged comrade, Dan Dailey, sat outside in the raw wind, flailing his arms to keep the circulation going. In scenes calling for a horse to trip and fall, movie crews rush to see if the animal has been injured before worrying about his actor-rider.

Script writers expect a horse to do everything. Often Hudkins gets a phone call from a harassed director who has just finished reading a screenplay. The writer has put in scenes calling for a horse to stampede with a wild herd, jump off a cliff into a river, kill cougars with his hooves, leap over a hay wagon, rescue the hero from a burning building, and in the end do some fancy bucking in a rodeo.

The director always wants to know: "Do you think you can find a horse that can do all this?" The answer is yes, for a Hudkins graduate can do just about anything.

Rich Repartee

MOTHER, pointing to the famous picture of Pilgrims going to church, told her son, "See? They went to church every Sunday!"

The small boy noticing guns carried by the men, replied, "I'd go every day if I could shoot Indians on the way." —*Topics*

"YOU WERE right, John, and I was wrong," admitted the domineering wife. To which, from force of long habit, her henpecked little husband replied quickly: "Forgive me, dear."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

THE GRIZZLED old mountaineer was letting a visitor from "the outside" inspect his ancient, long-barreled squirrel gun.

"Don't see how you can do anything with it," the city man concluded as he turned the relic over in his hands. "It's rusty and the barrel's as crooked as a question mark."

"Might be," the mountain greybeard conceded, "but it's bagged many a squirrel and rabbit. And what's more," he added with a sly wink, "it's got me two mighty nice sons-in-law."—*Wall Street Journal*

"IN THE BUS this morning, three men jumped up and offered me their seats," confided the fat girl complacently. To which her friend retorted: "Did you take them, dear?" —PRISCILLA KENNETH

"DO WOMEN'S slacks come in odd sizes?" asked the customer.

"No," replied the clerk emphatically, "they only get that way after wearing."—*Sterling Sparks*

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The Adoption of Little Billy

by CAROL HUGHES

Every parent will know how Lucille Koppelman felt about her blind boy

NINE YEARS AGO, when word got around the neighborhood that a blind baby was the latest addition to what people were wont to call "The Koppelman Kindergarten," there were gasps of surprise and skepticism.

When little Billy came to the Koppelman's home at 2637 Winnebago Street in St. Louis, he was just ten months old, a strong, attractive, healthy baby with big blue eyes and blond hair. His arrival was quite a normal occurrence in a truly amazing household. The permanent members consisted of Herman H. Koppelman, his wife Lucille, and their adopted sons, David, four, and Dal, three.

Koppelman, formerly a minister and now Assistant Executive Secretary of Foreign Missions in the Lutheran Church, Synod, Missouri, is far from a wealthy man. But what the Koppelmans lack in money they more than make up in love and affection, and for years their home, like some *Alice in Wonderland* fairy palace, has provided temporary sanctuary for children from state and Lutheran orphanages, and from the slums.

When one night they brought Lucille Koppelman four youngsters, dirty and weeping, she merely sloshed them in the bathtub and put them to bed with the three she already had. Billy was just one more to be added to the collection. But right from the start, he began tugging at her heartstrings, and before long she was hinting to her husband that they should adopt him.

"He was such a cute little baby who snuggled up to everybody," she says with a light in her eyes. "There was nothing pathetic about *him*. Anyone would have kept him after the second day."

Herman tried to discourage her. "Do you realize what you are letting yourself in for?" he asked.

Next day Lucille went to the Missouri School for the Blind to find out. "What do you do for a blind child that's different from a sighted child?" she asked Mrs. Ina E. Hubbard, principal. "And can he be reared into a normal, independent human being?"

Mrs. Hubbard's answer to Lucille was, "Yes, if. . . ." The "ifs"

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were mainly negative. *If* the parents did not start off by treating the child as though he were helpless and always would be . . . *If* they were not too protective, too indulgent . . . .

Lucille Koppelman went home, happy and full of plans, to demonstrate how little the role of motherhood depends on giving birth. Since then, the record of little Billy's day-by-day development in a normal home, with normal contacts with brothers, neighborhood friends and a devoted foster mother and father—a record of almost insurmountable obstacles overcome—provides a challenge as well as an invaluable aid to other parents in similar circumstances.

THE FIRST PROBLEM—even before the appealing little waif became legally their own Billy Koppelman—was the realization that, born irremediably blind, he lived in a world all his own which they must learn to understand.

That was an intellectual hurdle. The first practical problem was the matter of Billy's posture. Sighted children held their heads up, because they wanted to *see* things and reach for them. But little Billy's head hung down.

Vacant-eyed, he had no reason to focus on anything. He would never *see* trees, flowers, playmates, his face in a mirror. There was nothing to stimulate activity or facial expression. Yet, since Billy would live in a world of *being seen*, he must acquire habits of appearance as well as action.

The whole family went to work on this problem. Lucille, in feeding him, tilted his chin up and held the spoon above him. Herman dangled his ticking watch over his head to make him search by ear for it. Little David, whose aid Lucille enlisted in many ways, learned to hold flowers above the baby to let him smell and feel.

At first it was a tedious grind, but to a woman who loves children as does Lucille Koppelman, it was never a chore. Somewhere behind his curtain of darkness there was, she knew, a bright and lovable disposition.

She began early a program of almost constant activity. Billy must never be allowed to draw into himself, or to become lost in his lonesome, sightless world. For example, his toys were selected with care, so that they made noises or were interesting to the touch. Under such a thoughtful program on the part of the whole household, Billy improved so fast that, within a year, he was able to pass all the tests in correct sitting administered by the Graduate Department of MacMurray College, which was aiding in charting his progress.

As Billy grew into the household, the Koppelmans' other two healthy boys could not understand his slowness at catching on to things that to them were simple and natural.

"Why, Mommy, I walked when I was a year old," said little David.

"He can't even eat right," complained Dal.

When these thoughtless taunts came popping out in Billy's hearing, Lucille would quickly pick up the conversation in her almost Solomon-wise way.

"You certainly did walk quicker, darling," she would say brightly, "but some children walk even

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quicker than you. Some have to wait for their legs to grow stronger, and some are just more interested in other things. But," she would add wisely, "we won't give Billy up, will we? We'll teach him to walk like you."

Thus she secured their "big boy" help, not sympathy, for Billy.

She faced a peculiar dilemma, too, in how to make her love known to Billy. He could not see a smile on her face, could not detect love in her eyes, or the delight over something he had done. Billy must *know* her love and affection through her voice and tenderness of manner.

Lucille Koppelman is first to admit how much the training of Billy has meant to her own growth. In showing her love and affection to him, her own personality today can reach out and find an instant meeting ground with anyone. There is a warmth and vitality of which she is unaware, but which an observer senses as she recounts the long road of trial and error with Billy.

When surprise is expressed at her unorthodox act in adopting a blind child, she says in some bafflement: "If only people knew how much such youngsters have to give, how unworthy you feel of their great love and devotion, and how incapable you are of repaying them—the blind children of the world would never be without homes."

At 19 months, after some reluctant tries, Billy learned to stand, and at 21 months he began to move about quite well on his own. After he learned to walk, he loped about after his "Mommy," asking questions about everything.

"What was that noise?" meant that Lucille could not just say "Egg-beater." She had to stop beating eggs, wash the beater, put it in his hand, help him give it a whirl and then tell him, with egg in hand, what the beater did to it.

Billy liked music from the start. He never tired of the record-player, but even this presented a hazard—inactivity while sitting and listening. Lucille solved this problem by teaching him to change the records himself, putting one on the machine at a time.

The Koppelmans were thrilled when they took him, at the age of five, to hear a symphony concert and Billy whispered, "Mommy, that piece has got discords." None of his collection included any records with modern dissonances.

AT FIRST, a stuffed animal meant no more to Billy than a stuffed pin cushion. This problem was solved by getting a large toy dog and then a real one.

Neighborhood children were encouraged to bring their pets to the house, but always with the stipulation that Lucille knew what they were bringing and when. Thus, Billy was protected from surprise or shock, since a sudden growl or claw might make him, in his darkness, forever afraid of animals.

With the help of the children, he learned to handle pets freely—mice, frogs, birds and even a goat—and his love of all pets soon made the Koppelman home the hangout of pet-owning youngsters of the neighborhood.

Billy was never allowed to stay in the house when he should be outdoors. By the time he was two, Herman had him swinging on an old tire hung by a rope in the back

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yard, and by four, he was teaching the child stunts on trapeze rings.

A strapping, pleasant-faced man, Herman Koppelman shares his wife's love for children and her happy attitude toward life. Now 43 —three years older than Lucille— he was born in Idaho, the son of a minister, and has always been in religious work.

He met Lucille—a native of Wisconsin, brought up on a farm in a family of five—while he was a college student in Milwaukee. They were married in 1935.

While Foreign Mission work takes up much of his time, Herman is able to spend evenings, holidays and week ends with his boys on all kinds of wonderful adventures. He has told them how to make their own gardens; has taken them to the zoo, and to the firehouse to investigate the engines.

In the back yard, Billy was taught where everything was, and soon learned to play tag, holding his own by the sound of the other children's giggling or the noise of their feet. This running about overcame his tendency to shuffle along with cautious steps and before long, he was chasing the others and climbing everything he could find.

There are punishments for Billy, as there are for David and Dal. Once the Koppelmans know that he has deliberately been disobedient or unfair, he gets his just dues. Sometimes it's a penny off his allowance, but if the offense is severe, he gets a good old-fashioned spanking.

Lucille always sees to it that he does his equal share of work, assigning him jobs that he can do readily. He makes his bed, runs his bath, brushes his teeth, dresses himself, and knows his household routine as well as David or Dal.

Under the loving and intelligent guidance of the Koppelmans, the once-forlorn little figure has become one of the most natural, harum-scarum youngsters in the neighborhood. Loftily sure of his ability to take care of himself, on bike or roller skates he goes careening along the sidewalk, encountering difficulties with a carefree, "Hey, look where you're going! I'm blind, remember!"

There is no self-consciousness now in confident little Billy either about his blindness or his adoption. He knows he has some limitations, but so have a lot of other little boys. He knows he is being treated exactly like his brothers, and that he can give and take his own black eyes if he gets into a scrape. He knows his future is filled with promise, and that his world is a pretty wonderful place to live in.

A neighbor aptly summed up the adoption of little Billy by saying: "The good Lord surely knew who to give that blind kid to."

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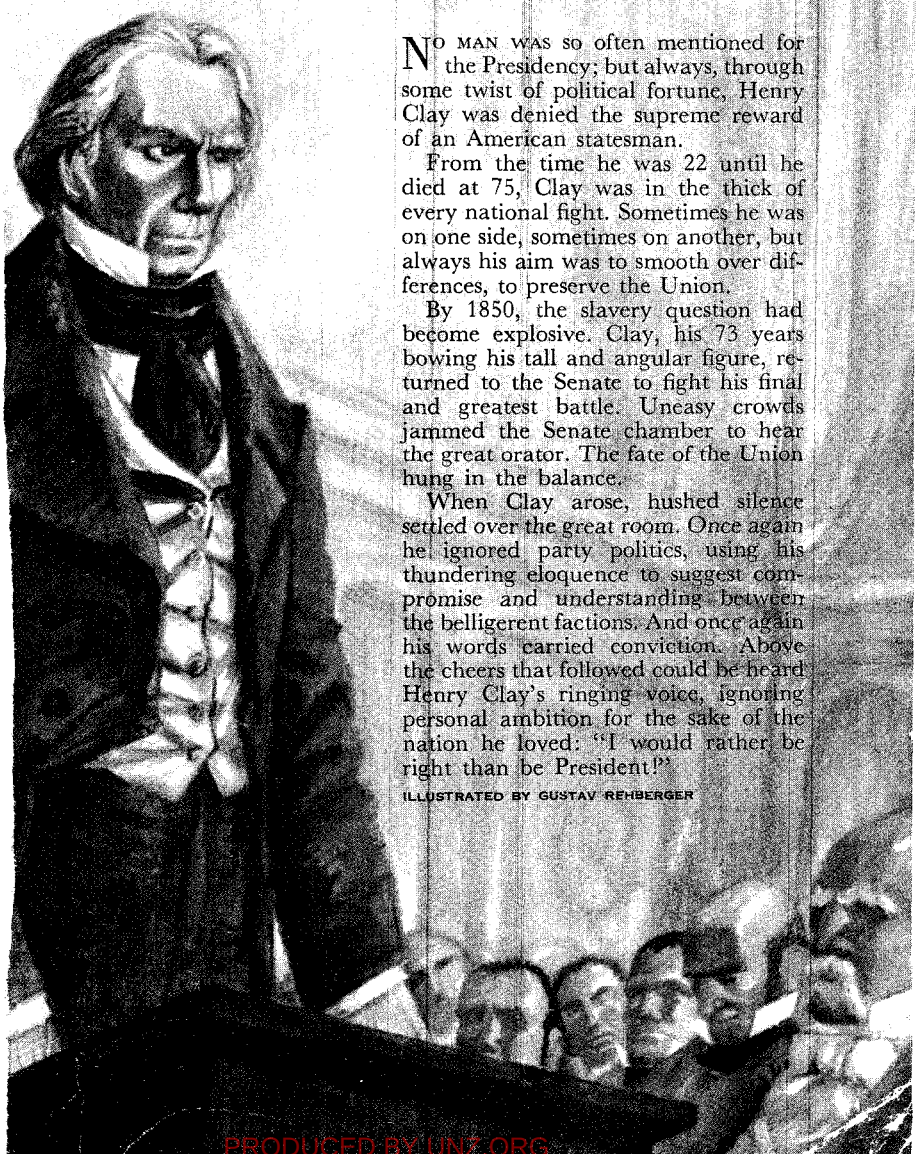
"I Would Rather Be Right..."



NO MAN WAS SO often mentioned for the Presidency; but always, through some twist of political fortune, Henry Clay was denied the supreme reward of an American statesman.

From the time he was 22 until he died at 75, Clay was in the thick of every national fight. Sometimes he was on one side, sometimes on another, but always his aim was to smooth over differences, to preserve the Union.

By 1850, the slavery question had become explosive. Clay, his 73 years bowing his tall and angular figure, returned to the Senate to fight his final and greatest battle. Uneasy crowds jammed the Senate chamber to hear the great orator. The fate of the Union hung in the balance.

When Clay arose, hushed silence settled over the great room. Once again he ignored party politics, using his thundering eloquence to suggest compromise and understanding between the belligerent factions. And once again his words carried conviction. Above the cheers that followed could be heard Henry Clay's ringing voice, ignoring personal ambition for the sake of the nation he loved: "I would rather be right than be President!"

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

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Why did you change to CAMELS, Ruth Hussey?

"When I tried **Camels** for 30 days, I found I was enjoying cigarettes more than ever. They're **mild** and they taste really wonderful!"
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL QUARTET

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